

The TATLER

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July 12, 1939



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The TATLER

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Lenare, George Street, W.

OH KAY!

At the time of going to press the result of the women's finals at Wimbledon is not decided, but Miss Kay Stammers in reaching this proud position has greatly heartened the supporters of English tennis. We do not seem to have a man champion in sight, but with Kay Stammers and Jean Nicoll the time should not be far distant when we come to the top and when the supposedly sterner sex also produces something as good as the gentler one has done. "Bunny" Austin will certainly come back. Miss Kay Stammers had no walk-over when she beat Mrs. S. P. Fabyan



ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR
AT THE HOTEL SPLENDIDE-ROYALE, AIX-LES-BAINS

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, before going south to their château at Cap d'Antibes, recently spent about a week at Aix-les-Bains where H.R.H. played several games of golf on a course which he knew well when he was Prince of Wales, and considers one of the best on the Continent. The chief purpose of the visit was for the Duchess of Windsor, who has lately been suffering from rheumatism, to sample the famous Aix waters, but the Duke and Duchess also explored the lovely countryside, were the centre of entertaining and also themselves gave a party at which the Prefect of Savoie and the Mayor of Aix-les-Bains were amongst guests

"Yet I must tell you, the best way to continue a secure peace, is to be prepared for a war."—Sir Francis Bacon

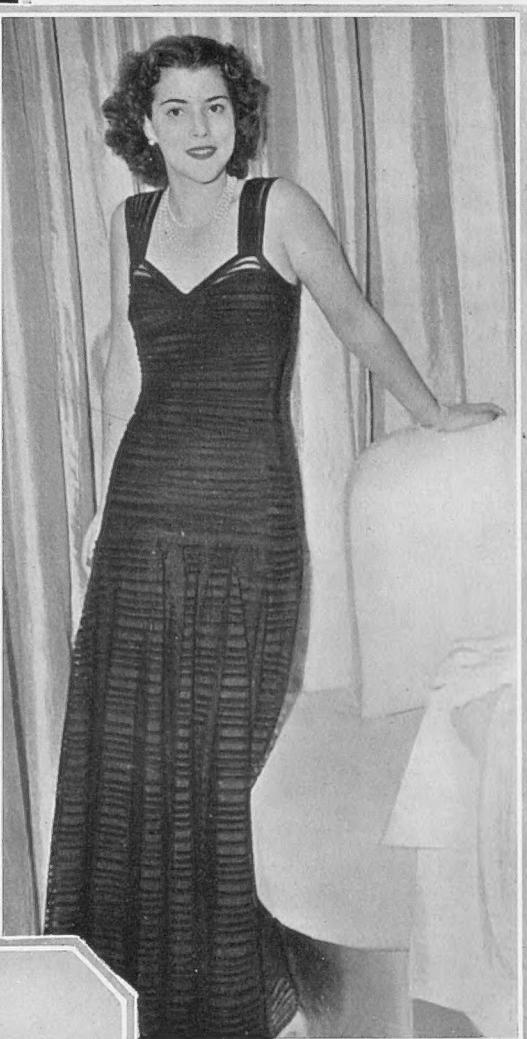
THese words of wisdom are quoted from Bacon's letters of advice to Buckingham, in a fascinating *memoir*, just out, called "The Great Duke of Buckingham." The prejudice of its poet-author, Mr. C. R. Cammell, is almost as attractive as the loving picture he paints of "An Englishman, a Gentleman, a Soldier and a Protestant." For example, he calls the duke's posthumous detractors "fanatics obsessed with the phantasm of the infallibility of parliaments." In spite of ugly alliteration, this is a glorious dig at the Roundheaded mentality which professes the doctrine of universal franchise, but omits to commend the importance of being eccentric. The greatest Englishmen are almost inevitably somewhat haywire. Even the exemplary Alfred burnt the cakes, since which culinary disaster, English food has never been quite hot enough. Norwegian food, especially the cold *hors d'aubres*, is famed for its variety and filling characteristics. So it will be just too bad if the thirty-fifth conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, timed for the middle of August, at Oslo, suffers from outside interference. The Albanian business prevented the French and British delegates from having a preliminary Nice weekend (sorry) but, at the time of writing, Italy will be represented at the full-dress conference, although her boss will



MR. H. C. (PAT) HANBURY AND HIS BRIDE

The marriage of Mr. Pat Hanbury to lovely Miss Prunella Higgins, only daughter of Air-Commodore and Mrs. T. C. R. Higgins, of Turvey House in Bedfordshire, was solemnized at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on July 4. The bridegroom, who is in the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, is the second son of the late Sir Cecil Hanbury, M.P., and of Lady Hanbury, at whose lovely villa, La Mortola, near Ventimiglia, the honeymoon is being spent

And the World Said—



MISS DIANA BLYTH

The débutante daughter of John Barrymore, the famous American actor and film star, is one of the most attractive young ladies now going the social rounds in New York. This charming picture of her was taken when she was dining with friends at the Brazilian Restaurant during one of many visits to that most modern of marvels, the World's Fair

not. The third item on the agenda is "The Peaceful Settlement of International Disputes." Why not? The British delegation is to be shepherded by Colonel Arthur Evans, who ran away from school and fought in the last war at the tough age of fifteen. Others involved are Commander Arthur Marsden, the Member for Battersea North; Messrs. Ben Riley, Rhys Davies, David Adams, F. Bellenger and Major J. Milner (all Socialists), and these Conservatives: Mr. Eric Errington, Sir Alexander Russell (who is taking his daughter), Sir Murray Sueter, Sir Frank Sanderson, Sir William Wayland and ubiquitous Captain Leonard Plugge, owner of Radio Normandy, whose dimpled wife was at the Savoy on the crowded

night when the Duke and Duchess of Kent (H.R.H. wearing a white pleated skirt, with a heavy gold belt and wide gold hem, and a wine-coloured "peasant" jacket of velvet stitched with more gold) supped there with the Peter Pleydell-Bouveries and the Aly Khan, whose Begum's pleated scarlet chiffon was the nicest summer evening dress to date. Those in the foyer when the royal party arrived included Lady Long, seated in silence beside Lord Dudley, and on the other side of the gangway, Mrs. Villiers-Bergne, a lesser-known golden beauty, who was Diana Holman-Hunt, granddaughter of the Victorian artist whose most celebrated painting hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Duke and Duchess of Kent had come on from the ballet, where they sat with the King and Queen, than whom there are no two more enthusiastic balletomanes. Russian ballet audiences are representative and picturesque rather than merely social, which makes it all the better to have a king and queen who appreciate an art which appeals to the more sensitive, intellectual and Leftist elements. Russian-born Lady Kemball-Cooke, with her hair bobbed to the shoulders and her Chinese jacket, is one of the ballet's most knowledgeable devotees. A wonderful cook, she writes satirical poetry while watching the pots boil. But friends prefer her dinners to her stanzas because the former contain less pimento! She and Sir Basil still watch polo together although it is such a dreary season, which brings us back to the Maharaja of Jaipur at the Savoy. He had an enormous dinner party, including Mrs. John Wills of the beautiful big eyes, her husband, his eligible brother and Lady Viola Dundas, who sat on the host's right. The Maharaja of Rajpipla also had an enormous dinner party, including such racing invertebrates as the Sydney Wilkinsons (she wearing more new diamonds) and Sir William and Lady Garthwaite, who had people staying at Le Touquet for Buck's weekend. The only twosome I could see at this restaurant, which specializes in entertainment for cheery parties (but why must it always be pair dancers, jugglers and more pair dancers; why not Messrs. George Robey and Gillie Potter now and then?) consisted of popular Miss Gypsy Lawrence with Lord Graves. Miss Cynthia Atherton Brown, daughter of another Turf celebrity of the same vintage, "Harry" Brown, was in the bridesmaids' and ushers' party given by her cousins, Ralph and "Betty" Harbord, after the wedding of their pretty sister, Primrose, who is honeymooning on the Riviera. This was a St. George's wedding with super flowers and a reception at which Yorkshire, London and St. Moritz mixed in a jovial cocktail. The Dowager Lady Hastings, the Dowager Lady Hillingdon and Mrs. Milles-Lade



Lenore

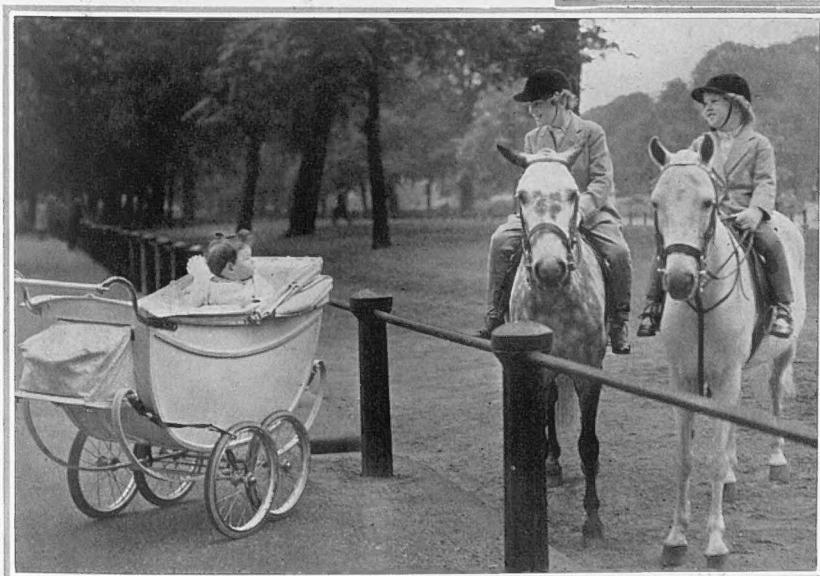
LADY WILLIAM SCOTT
AND HER DAUGHTER

A very happy study of the former Lady Rachel Douglas-Home with Margaret Elizabeth, born last year and christened in the Crypt of the House of Commons. Lady William Scott's husband, brother of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and of the Duke of Buccleuch, whom he succeeded as Member for Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire, has for years been one of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester's greatest friends. They served together in the 10th Hussars

AT THE INDIAN EMPIRE
GARDEN PARTY

Mrs. Oliver Hoare, Sir Samuel Hoare's sister-in-law, with Raja Sandar Singh Bahadur of Khetri, at Hurlingham, when some 6,000 guests, headed by H.M. Queen Mary, were entertained. A polo match, India v. The World, for the Indian Princes' Challenge Cup, provided quite excellent entertainment, and many new East and West friendships were made as well as old ones consolidated.

out another beauty, "Michael" Vyner, who is yet another proof that, as I said last week, there are no plain Australians. Any one except "Michael" would have looked a skinned rabbit in the fishnet *bandeau* she was wearing. And attractive Mrs. Richard Allen had chosen the hardest pill-box this side of the concrete ones at Amiens, while lovely auburn-headed Angela Tod was tweed. I began to think the old well-dressed days were over until Gweneth Butler (now Mrs. A. J. H. Benn) advanced in sailor blue and white, with Ann Mitchell, one of the few Americans who decided to have a London

FAMILY FORGATHERING IN THE PARK
Peter North

Young Lord Ava, from the somewhat dull setting of his pram, runs a critical but definitely envious eye over his sisters, Lady Caroline and Lady Perdita Blackwood, all set for their daily ride in the Row. Lord Dufferin's heir was a year old last Sunday, July 9, and is very definitely taking a lot of notice these days

And the World said—*continued*

season, bomb what may. The fruitade (shudders!) and ice-cream departments were always crowded, even if the centre court was not. Borotra on No. 1 was still the biggest draw on the first Saturday, which shows that "personality is more permanent than achievement," to quote Buckingham's biographer again. Mrs. "Bill" Napier from Peeblesshire, the pretty Maxwell Woosnam sisters from Cheshire (how their father used to hit at Wimbledon and half a dozen other games!), Sir Clive and Lady Morrison-Bell, the popular Frank Douglasses (who were giving Le Touquet a miss) and Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark who wins exalted tournaments, were there, and those pretty ex-débutante sisters, Frances and Iona Maclean, looking awake, which is more than can be said of girls who are doing the season night after night until half-past four. This was the daylight hour at which the Duchess of Sutherland's ball ended, the lights having been turned out for the last waltz. These details, and the unrehearsed black-out which "made" Mrs. Corrigan's party, were chronicled by the dailies, but I do not think any one recorded Henry VIII's expression as he looked down from the wall at Sutton Place on breakfasters eating final eggs and bacon, or alluded to the speed and courtly grace with which Mrs. Corrigan's first footman placed a candlestick on a cushion in front of the Duke of Kent. As Lord Kemsley, who gave a ball for his handsome stepdaughter last week, once said to me, "The débutante round; girls and mothers, very young men (and waiters), is a little world of its own, annually renewed." This specialized activity is particularly English; although it exists in modified forms in every other capital, the English débutante and the English dowager continue to set the pace. This year's girls are nice looking and easy to talk to; intelligent and rather serious with none of that brittle flippancy which was considered attractive in the wise-cracking era. Lord Lovat's sister was one of the most sweetly distinguished at Mrs. Corrigan's, where the floor was a shade too slippery and where Lady Curzon of Kedleston put all the younger dowagers in the shade. No seventeen-year-old looked half as alert as Lady Cunard, with the possible exception of the second Kennedy, Eunice, a completely unselfconscious darling of a girl, who rushed her partner up to the Duke of Marlborough with, "Let's ask this man the time." Lady Bridget Elliot of the fine, honest eyes, shy little Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, well-educated Miss Dinah Brand, handsome Miss Rosalind Cubitt (whose own ball was at Holland House, of which storied edifice, the owner, Lord Ilchester, has written so well), Lady Bridget Guinness (who has the comfortable family looks), Miss Diana Bulteel from Devonshire (whose next sister comes out next year, if there is one) and Miss Barbara McNeill, whose own ball in the country was a richissime gathering, are in the group which goes to all the grandest houses, where tiaras nod as dance numbers grow longer. Some of the dances at the Sutherlands lasted over half an hour, which is twenty minutes too long, except that at a rout of this magnitude it takes nearly ten minutes to find the partner, unless you have perfected the assignation system. Miss Barbara McNeill was looking healthily pretty in a gipsy head-shawl dress at the little restaurant dinner her mother, Mrs. Dewar, had before Lady Glendyne's dance. Lord Glendyne and his wife are keen lawn tennis players. Mrs. Alan Butler and her husband, who are keen flying, sailing and skiing people, have also been giving dinners for débutante dances for her daughter. At Joan, Lady Bannerman's dance, Mrs. Butler said they are going to the Adriatic on their

yacht; the party to include Miss Noreen Bailey, Sir Abe's rather silent daughter, who is so much admired. Nice Joan Bannerman's was a joint dance with Mrs. Edmund Wood, whose niece, Mrs. "Johnny" Hopwood, is having a cocktail party at the house in Charles Street which her husband shared for years with Lord Michelham, their best man, who is going to Deauville as usual, but has not yet replaced his yacht. The yachting world is disappointed that a rumour the Duke of Gloucester would buy a boat and race this season has proved unfounded. No doubt, H.R.H. is much too busy doing his duty; but if happier times come it would be a tremendous fillip to yachting all round, including the Clyde, if he takes it up. Meanwhile, the usuals are at it; and that comparative newcomer, Mr. Henry Martineau, is doing very well with his eight-metre. His popular wife has made Itchel Manor charming. They were at Hythe and Hamble and all the regattas, as are Major and Mrs. Herbert Musker, Mrs. Pitt-Rivers, Mr. Ronald Tree, M.P., Sir Ralph Gore, who gave Jamaica a miss last winter to its great regret, and "les boys" Chris Taylor, who married the exquisite Felicity Seddon, and his boating partner, "Milo" Illingworth, whom I met at the packed Embassy bottle party which, since half the people go unchanged, is most unattractive. Ten minutes was enough to see the chic Marquesa de Portago; the Brownlows at the table they so often occupied with the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales; the Michael Flemings; and no débutantes.

* * *

Lady Middleton, who took a party to the débutante ball given by her ducal neighbours (she has a débutante step-granddaughter yclept Guinivere Brodrick, daughter of Lady Dunsford by her first marriage to the late Frank Jay Gould) is a dowager whom escorts enjoy taking in to supper. She talks well and is interested in many subjects, politics in particular. Her step-son-in-law, Lady Moyra Loyd's husband, has just been made a Major-General, having commanded the 1st Infantry Brigade (Guards) at Aldershot since the end of last year. "Budget" Loyd, who was wounded four times, was one of the *preux chevaliers* of the last War. No doubt the dailies will change his nickname to something more Dumas-esque, as they did Lord Gort's, to the amusement of Lord Castlerosse, who is trying to get fit and set the young men a bellicose example. He is a great guy, but I do not think he need worry about the young men's *morale*. Nearly all of the dancing men, like Lord Townshend, who did A.D.C.-ing for a bit, have fighting units to join in an emergency. Lord Poulett, who is good at German, is trying for the Censorship Department in the War Office, as he gets asthma and has crushed fingers which doubtless cramp his style with a weapon.

* * *

A soldier's son was christened Anthony Richard Brocas the other day, and later Colonel and Mrs. Brocas Burrows were lunching at the Ritz. She is the sculptress sister of the artist Edward Le Bas. Others in this restaurant, which remains tops for lunch, were Lady Neumann, back from Newmarket; Lord Londonderry, who has changed his mind about the Nazis and is not afraid to say so; the ever-radiant Mrs. Euan Wallace; and Lady Cynthia Asquith.

* * *

Horsey people must not miss the *Nuit de Northolt*; tonight, Wednesday, July 12. Racing, 7.15 p.m., is in aid of the City of London Maternity Hospital. Lady Beatty and Sir Anthony Weldon (joint chairmen) have really worked. The latter, who has just been called up for a month's military service, wrote hundreds of letters in longhand. Sir Ian Walker and the Beatty brothers have given cups.



THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR IN PARIS

A group taken just before the recent banquet of the Franco-British Association in Paris at which Mr. Hore Belisha made a speech which was as much applauded as it was deeply appreciated. Left to right in the picture are the Marquis de Vogue, President of the Association, Lady Phipps, wife of the British Ambassador, Sir Eric Phipps, M. Bonnet and Mr. Hore Belisha

THE RUSSIAN BALL AT THE RITZ



EN RUSSE: MISS JOAN JOHNSON
AND MISS ANNE CHRISTIAN



LADY MAUD CARNEGIE, CAPTAIN E. W.
LEGGE AND THE INFANTA MARIA CRISTINA



LADY ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND
AND MR. WALTER ROTHERMEL.



MR. J. J. LEZARD AND
PRINCESS XENIA ROMANOFF



THE HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL AND LADY ALEXANDRA CADOGAN, (AT BACK), LORD CARNEGIE AND THE PRINCESS NIKITA OF RUSSIA (CHAIRMAN OF THE BALL COMMITTEE)



MARKOVA WITH
PRINCE GEORGE GALITZINE



LADY ALEXANDRA CADOGAN
AND MR. P. C. BONSOR

This ball, which was as generously patronized this year as it was last, was inaugurated to send poor children to summer holiday camps both in England and on the Continent. An entertainment on very similar lines has been organized in Paris and has also greatly helped a good cause. Prince Nikita of Russia, one of the sons of the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, and Princess Nikita (chairman of the ball) took a party, which included the Infanta Maria Cristina of Spain, Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie, Countess Catherine Kleinmichel and Prince George Galitzine, who, with many others, is included in this little gallery of snapshots. A good many people as will be observed nobly played up to promote the atmosphere, and the fact that the Russian national attire is most becoming must have been an inducement. There are two pieces of corroborative evidence in the top left-hand picture and Lady Elizabeth Townshend is another telling example, as also is Lady Alexandra Cadogan, younger sister of the Grafton M.F.H. Lady Maud Carnegie and Captain Legge who are in the group with the Infanta Maria Cristina were both on the committee of the ball, and Prince George Galitzine, seen talking to the world-renowned Markova who is British, was one of the many aiders and abettors



THE INFANTA MARIA CRISTINA
AND LORD TOWNSHEND



ANNA NEAGLE PLAYS THE TITLE RÔLE
IN IMPERADIO'S "NURSE EDITH CAVELL"

This picture, which is Anna Neagle's first Hollywood production, is being made under the direction of Herbert Wilcox for Imperadio, a recently-formed Anglo-American unit. It tells the story of this remarkable woman's organization for the smuggling of escaped prisoners of war, terminating in her capture by the Germans and her execution, which horrified the whole world. Its theme is definitely anti-war. An interesting personality connected with the film is Guy Ignon, a former member of the French Secret Service, who occupied a cell over that of Nurse Cavell's. He plays a part in the picture besides acting as technical adviser. It is expected that *Nurse Edith Cavell* will have its London première about the first week in September.

I AM beginning to think that film criticism is an impossible branch of an always difficult business. Impossible, that is to say, if one entertains the notion that there ought to be some sort of consistency about it. Why, for example, should I set the seal of approval upon the film called *Boy Slaves* at the Rialto and that of disapproval upon *The Sun Never Sets* at the Leicester Square? Perhaps the reader will help me, for I cannot help myself!

It was Rudyard Kipling, I think, who first started the notion that the Englishman does right to dress for dinner in the jungle. The process helps him to keep his self respect in working order, and on the rebound to retain the respect of the native. *The Sun Never Sets* is all about dinner-jackets and the Empire. The wearers of the dinner-jackets are the Randolph family, headed, of course, by Mr. Aubrey Smith. It appears that there was a Randolph who played bowls with Drake, and a Randolph who carried dispatches at Waterloo, and a Randolph who took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. What the film industry is going to do for an adequate actor to carry on the Randolph tradition when in the fullness of time Mr. Aubrey Smith is gathered to those Randolphs who have gone before, puzzles the will and makes us rather bear the heroics we know than fly to others that we know not of! In this particular case the octogenarian Randolph who is the one and only Aubrey, has known a career *sans peur*, but not, it seems, *sans reproche*. After forty years he had committed some slight indiscretion, connected doubtless with the cut of his dinner-jacket, which had led not perhaps to disgrace but certainly to retirement. So there in his ancestral home the lone wolf paces his apartment, eating his heart out but keeping in touch with the Empire through his sons and grandsons, whose whereabouts and activities he chronicles

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Britons and Slaves

on a large map with little flags, as though they were army corps in some great war. From time to time sons and grandsons go forth to, or return from, rescuing the Empire from one of those predicaments in which, but for the Randolphs, it must inevitably founder. And it is the business of an antique Randolph of the female line to present a white carnation to the heroes on their sallying forth and on their successful return. For, of course, Randolphs always succeed, the family's unwritten law declaring a heap of bleached bones to be the only alternative to success.

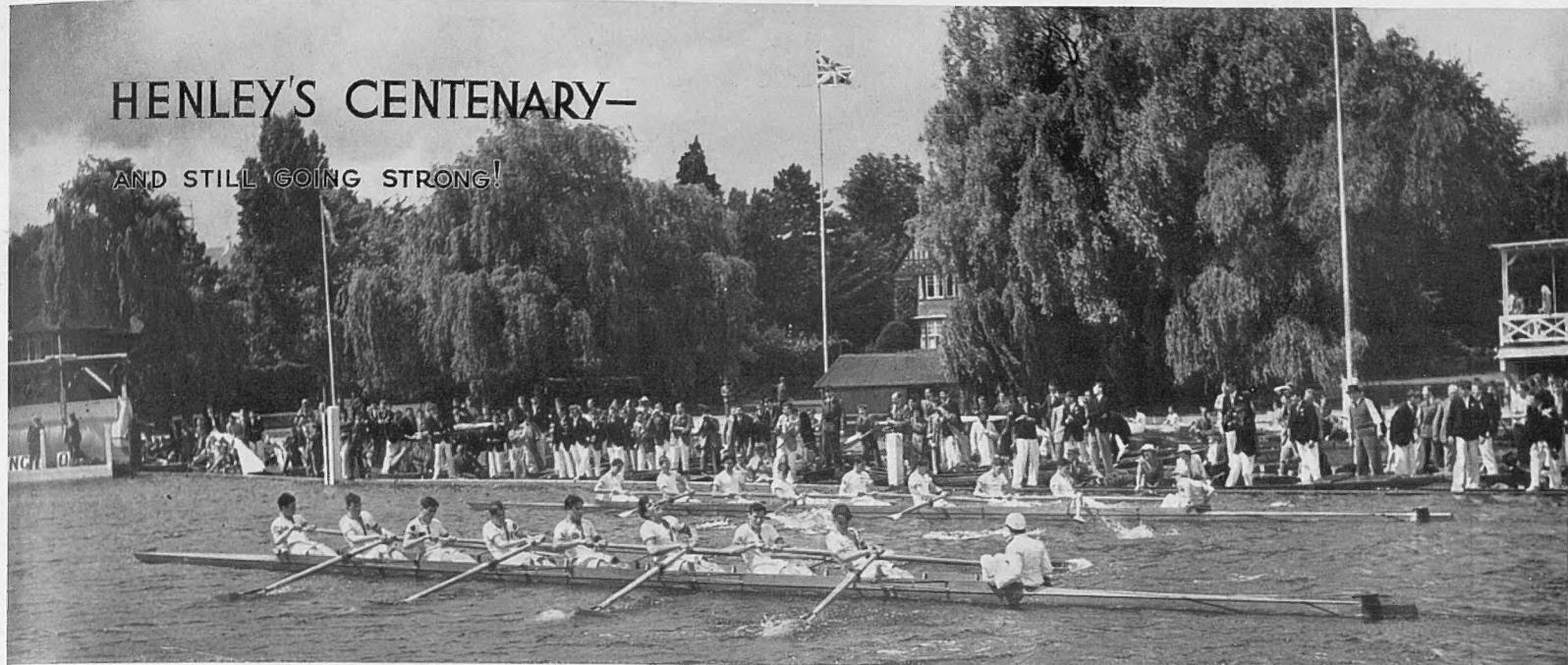
The matter which engages the present attention of the cinemagoer and of the Randolph family concerns one Professor Zuroff (Mr. Lionel Atwill), ostensibly studying ants on the Gold Coast but actually manipulating a secret wireless station whose inflammatory messages are on the point of plunging the world into war. Why should the professor want world war? Partly because he has discovered and made a corner in molybdenum, a new element which hardens steel. And partly because he desires to become a world dictator. For the professor is mad, though whether he is quite as mad as the Randolphs is a matter which must be left to the taste and fancy of the individual cinemagoer. The reader will forgive me if I tell the rest of this complicated story in the barest outline. For reasons which seem good to the British Colonial Office, Clive Randolph (Mr. Basil Rathbone), who has already served fifteen years as a District Commissioner on the Gold Coast, is sent back to that unhealthy spot, ostensibly to show the ropes to his younger brother, John (Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior), but actually to track down the infamous Zuroff. This being the world of the film, it follows that Clive keeps the real nature of his job a secret from his young brother. Now complications set in. For Clive, like Shakespeare's Cassio, is damned in one of those fair wives without whom the Cinema is unable to get along. And readers will readily believe that nothing will prevent Mrs. Clive from accompanying her husband to the Gold Coast, then to have her first baby in the middle of the rains. And, of course, on the very evening when Clive is on the point of tracking down Zuroff! But since to John it is un-English, not to say un-Randolphian, for a husband to be away from his wife at such a time, he

fakes a message to Clive, bidding him return and using a family password which no Randolph has been known to disobey. The result is that Zuroff escapes, the baby dies, Clive is sent down in disgrace, and John takes to drink. Then John's fiancée arrives in white muslin, reforms John, and sets him on Zuroff's trail. Having penetrated to Zuroff's stronghold, John hears that arch-fox broadcasting his final message to the British Colonial Office. Pretending to be drunk, John shouts into the microphone: "The pudding is hot!"—another password in the family, meaning that the Fate of Empire hangs upon a Randolph. This is picked up by Simon Randolph, who works at the Colonial Office. Whereupon the Colonial Secretary says to the telephone operator: "Get me the Gold Coast!" and in less than half a minute communication is established with Clive, despite the fact that he is in retirement, and he is ordered to take a fleet of aeroplanes and blow up Zuroff. This Clive does, and, landing, discovers that everybody has been killed except his brother! Ten seconds later all the Randolphs are seen entering the ancestral home to receive the white carnations which are their reward. On the night I attended, the Leicester Square Cinema was full, as was to be expected. What was not to be expected was that these heroics were received, first with a titter, then with general laughter, and finally with a universal guffaw.

Why did I, too, laugh at this, and very nearly cry at *Boy Slaves*, a film which on any logical reckoning should have made me perspire with embarrassment, since it is Dead-Endism run mad? I think the answer is that the patriotic film is not supposed to be absurd, whereas the authors of the film of pathetic waifhood seem to say to one: "We grant our impermissibility. Resist us, if you can!" And, of course, we can't.

HENLEY'S CENTENARY—

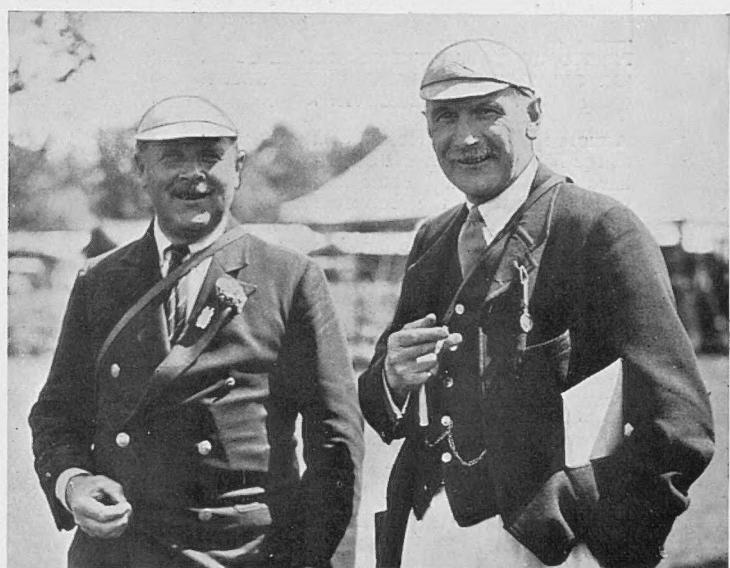
AND STILL GOING STRONG!



A CLOSE THING: TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE BEAT ST. EDMUND HALL, OXFORD



AT THE SIDE SHOWS: MISS KATHARINE ORMSBY-GORE, LORD HAIG, MR. IAN FARQUHAR AND LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT



VETERAN WET BOBS: MR. PETER HAIG THOMAS AND LORD VIVIAN



MR. JOE COWLEY, MR. JACK DONNELLY (THE ARGONAUTS' COX) AND MR. R. C. SHERRIFF (AUTHOR AND OARSMAN)



DR. AND MRS. A. E. M. HARTLEY IN THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS' GALLERY

At the Henley of 1839 they had nothing much to boast about in the way of a programme—only two events: the Grand for eight-oared boats and the Town Challenge Cup for four-oared ones—and to be eligible to compete the oarsman had to be living within a five-mile radius of Henley town. At the centenary of the Wet Bob's Ascot there is a very different scene—heaps of races, a huge crowd, and visitors from almost every rowing country—bar one, unhappily, this year. Weather not too kind on the opening day when these pictures were taken and a strong blast blowing down the course made for slow times. The picture at the top shows a good finish in the third heat of the Ladies' in which Trinity Hall, Cambridge just beat the St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, boat by two-thirds of a length—close enough to be going on with. The side-show patrons, as may be observed, also did their bit. Lord Haig was up at The House and has now gone into the Household Cavalry. Lady Elizabeth Scott is the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's elder daughter. Lord Vivian, who is still a 17th Lancer (R. of O.), a wet bob since Eton days, is with a great pillar of the rowing world, Mr. Peter Haig Thomas, guide, philosopher and friend of many varsity crews. Mr. R. C. Sherriff knows quite as much about rowing as the next man, though naturally far more famous as the author of *Journey's End*. He used to be up at New College and has coached college crews on the Isis. Dr. Hartley (*vide* picture with wife) is a member of that famous Cambridge rowing clan

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

JULY meetings at Newmarket "behind the ditch" are generally "hit or miss" sort of affairs as regards betting. Nearly every race has two short-priced favourites to select from, and if you are on the right leg you back winners, but to

out by some central organization? Newmarket does it, and it would not be difficult for other courses to follow suit. It is bad enough to have to enter for diminutive races six weeks or two months ahead, but worse to find, having entered for a race at the other end of England, that a similar race on your own doorstep closes next week. In every other country in the world it is done. From Hungary, where Miss Adams, the daughter of that particularly able trainer "Bob" Adams, is going to ride, a brochure is sent giving not only the entire programmes, but pictures of the prizes. These seem to be distributed on a particularly lavish scale, almost as prodigal as in pre-War days when, I am assured by a gentleman who ran polo clubs in Central Europe, cups were almost given to any one who appeared on the ground sober.

The Alexandra Park executive are to be congratulated on their progressiveness in providing some sort of interest during those dreary intervals while the equine submerged tenth which run at these meetings are disporting themselves out of sight of the stands. By the simple expedient of cutting off the tops of the trees opposite the course, race-goers were afforded an uninterrupted view of the needle cricket match between the Crouch End Gladiators and the Muswell Hill Miracles.

The racing itself was not of any absorbing interest. In the first race Mr. Gordon Roll's Irish importation, Silver Shine, was a good favourite, and it was generally agreed they would have been very unlucky had he been beat.

In the second race Miss Paget won with a well-backed animal, and incidentally provided a nice surplus for the writer, not that dross is anything so long as the best horse wins. Had her horse, however, stayed at home the writer would have flown to Le Touquet instead of creeping home.



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY AND HIS DAUGHTER, LADY HELEN SMITH

Lord Rosebery, who has been Master of the Whaddon Chase since 1923, was walking round with his only daughter, who was married in 1933, to Hugh Vivian Smith, a connexion of Lord Antrim. Lord Rosebery is one of the largest landowners in Scotland

The Bibury Meeting is particularly well run by Captain Basil Williams, the clerk of the course, and it only needs a fine day to make the racing most enjoyable. The new cheap stand is an unqualified success, the food is good and nicely served and the meeting deserves its popularity.



ALSO SIR JOHN AND LADY REITH AND THEIR SMALL DAUGHTER

The famous ex-Director General of the B.B.C. is now equally as famous in the air as he was on the air, being the head of the Imperial Airways—British Airways merger which took place recently with enormous benefits to each company



PERSONALITIES AT THE ROYAL, WINDSOR, SIR GEORGE MEYRICK AND MISS SUSAN MEYRICK ARRIVING

A more fitting place for the centenary show of the Royal Agricultural Society, could not have been chosen. Their Majesties, who were received by the Deputy President of the Society, the Earl of Athlone, were given a terrific welcome by a large crowd, which included the Master of the New Forest, Sir George Meyrick and his daughter, Susan

make any money you've got to be right every time. Having started with Marjorie Dore f, who went the wrong way when the gate went up and followed it up with Grand Union, who broke down in the first furlong, it would have given the office to a centipede to change legs.

The Rose of England colt squandered his field as though they were so many platters. His playful trick of squandering his rider, which is apparently his marinating habit, wasn't in evidence, but when he does do it, there is no question of staying with him, and Basil is rapidly going grey with the strain.

The general consensus of opinion seemed to be that no worse collection of animals as a whole had ever been offered at public auction than those at the First July Sales. With the ever impending crisis slightly more acute than usual, prices ruled remarkably high, and the theory has been advanced that the breeders circulate propaganda to this effect in order to get good prices for their cripples from food hoarders as meat on the hoof.

It was in the paddocks that I was witness of a private deal between two gentlemen. "Just the very thing you want," said the vendor of the paragon, at the same time offering the prospective victim, to establish confidence, a coal black cigar bearing on its band a portrait of a bearded gentleman thought to be a half-brother of John the Baptist or an Oberammergau understudy. "Sure to win you a good 'chase, just the thing for an amateur, and jumps like a buck." He does, of course, make a noise, but it doesn't stop him," he added, as though it were a detail. "I'm afraid he's no good to me," replied the victim, "I've never known that true of anything except a German drinking soup." So saying he cast the squib away and wandered off in search of fresher air.

Is it not possible for programmes of meetings for the year to be sent out by individual courses or collected and sent

AT THE SCOTTISH

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS RAMSAY
AND MR. NEILL RAMSAYTHE DUKE OF ATHOLL
AND MR. ANTHONY MURRAY

HORSE SPORTS

MRS. MERCER-NAIRNE AND
MAJOR DON, OF CRAYTHE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL AND
DR. G. F. BARBOUR OF BONSKEID
AT THE RINGSIDECAPTAIN AND MRS. G. STEWART-
STEVENS, OF BALNAKEILLY, STUDYING
THE GENERAL SCENEFRONT: MRS. FAIRWEATHER, MISS HENDERSON
AND MRS. KENNEDY; BACK: MR. A. J. HENDERSON
AND MR. R. W. R. KENNEDY

The Scottish Horse, who are still real cavalry same as they were when they were raised by the Duke of Atholl in the Boer War days—and right well they did their job as many know—held their sports in Blair Castle Park, where their Colonel Commandant, his Grace, and the Duchess welcomed the regiment and its guests. The camp is actually at Black Isle, Blair Atholl, close by. The Duke is seen above with one of his kinsmen who is senior subaltern in the Scottish Horse. Sir James Douglas Ramsay, of Banff, who was formerly a major in the regiment, is a brother of her Grace the Duchess, and is the eleventh Baronet of his line. He also is sighted with a kinsman. Mrs. G. Stewart-Stevens, who is in one of the pictures in the bottom row, is Deputy Company Commander of the Auxiliary Territorial Service attached to the Scottish Horse. The programme was first-class, the weather not quite, the crowd large and enthusiastic, and the general fun and geniality unbeatable.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



MRS. JOSEPH GRIMOND
AND HER SON ANDREW

Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter's younger daughter married Mr. Joseph Grimond last year, and Andrew, the son and heir, is a quite recent arrival. Mrs. Grimond's elder sister, Cressida, was married last month to Mr. Jasper Ridley, the eldest son of the Hon. Jasper and Mrs. Ridley

assert that only then have they reached the peak of their full growth; while, I dare say, the seventies would be equally assertive of finality, if only the eighties did not regard them as people talking through their hats! My own belief is that nobody ever really does grow up completely, and that to cease gaining new experience in some direction is to begin senility. I, myself, have too often hugged to myself the illusion that life has nothing more to teach me, nor that I have anything more to learn regarding my own limitations. Only to discover almost immediately that I have gone and done, or been and thought, the uttermost stupidity.

Life is always contradicting one's theories—often, indeed, one's own former experience; while self-knowledge—which, I suppose, should be the final examination of the adult task—is for ever passing out, given no honours. Though one's best work may be accomplished between the ages of thirty-five and fifty, that is not to say that one has reached one's full psychological development when, physically, one is getting a little tired. There is so much more to adulthood than work. I would even go so far as to say that my own opinion is that the final expression of the human ego does not really begin until—shall we say?—the sex side of life has taken its proper somewhat ephemeral aspect in the ultimate pattern of worthwhile living! After fifty a man and a woman belong so much more intimately to themselves, and without this intimacy development is a raggle-taggle business of illusion and disillusion. Did I really do that? Did I really say this? Well, then, what a damned fool I must have been! is the unmentioned *leit motif* of many of our thoughts as we

Further Confessions and Impressions.

FRONT time to time, sometimes in the newspapers, sometimes in the course of conversation, the subject arises concerning exactly at what age men and women become adult in the fully grown-up stage of development. The thirties lay claim to the thirties; the forties to the forties; the elderly declare that life really begins at fifty; the sixties

look back, though only to a year ago, at whatever age we review our past—that is to say, if we are honest with ourselves and not stuffy and pompous and self-opinionated, the surest signs in any man or woman that, though they may be growing older, there is small likelihood of them ever growing wiser. And greater wisdom, self-knowledge, so far as we can ever attain it, is all there is to being adult—no matter if our best work lies behind us and we sport a long, white beard, and have to do our daily toddle on two sticks.

So Miss Ethel Mannin, in her further "Confessions and Impressions: Privileged Spectator" (Jarrolds; 10s. 6d.), struck me as being so wise when, in her Introduction, she confesses that: "The human creature does not appear to begin to settle down, either male or female, till round about thirty. By settle down I mean sort itself out, mentally and emotionally; begin to form a clearer idea of what it really thinks and feels. The real coming-of-age of the human being is not twenty-one, but round about thirty-five." And I beg leave to assert that if (she is now, I judge, within the shadow of forty) she, in ten years' time, writes another volume of reminiscences, she will record the self-same observation—only postponing the coming-of-age until forty-five or thereabouts. And so it will go on—if she be really honest with her own self-analysis. I have, myself, so often decided mournfully that time has brought me to the end of everything worth while only to discover that I was, in reality, just beginning another mental and emotional phase which appeared more intrinsically worth while than anything which had gone before. And, I suppose, I shall go on doing so until—if I live long enough—a second childhood will seem to open out into a whole new collection of adventures and possibilities!

At any rate, I shall be resigned: I shall not be uselessly kicking against pricks of pride, of conceit, of frustration, of fear, over which a good half of the privilege of sheer living is idiotically wasted. Thus, what makes this new volume of autobiography especially interesting for those who have read the earlier instalment, is that it tones down so many of the violent highlights previously lit, so to speak, with a waving torch. Briefly, it is a much more adult confession and so infinitely more worth reading—that is, if you have reached the stage of development which has ceased to find wit and wisdom only in things which startle and astonish. Occasionally, of course, the old emotional thinking asserts itself. As, for instance, when she asserts that the reason women hissed the unfortunate Mrs. Rattenbury was because she was a woman of forty who was lucky enough, compared with them, to have found a lover of nineteen, though a chauffeur. Equally they were angry with Mrs. Simpson because she was loved by a king. When, probably, if the truth were completely analysed fifty per cent. of their fury was directed, in the first case, against a woman who had used her experience, power and money to corrupt the peace-of-mind of a decent-living youth with tragic results, while a whole mass of common-sense opposition resulted in the latter outcry.

However, they are these little outbursts of sentimental thinking which throw the more general and wiser observations into better relief. On the other hand, the book is mostly an account of the writer's travels and how certain of her novels came to be written and under what circumstances—which, it must be confessed, is just one of those aspects which make the

(Continued on page 58.)



DIGGING FOR THE LOST VILLAGE
OF SEAFORD, NEAR OXFORD

Mr. Bruce Mitford, an Oxford undergraduate who is Assistant Keeper of Mediæval Antiquities at the British Museum, with Miss Mary Cooper from St. Andrews University, who is helping in the excavation work on the ancient village of Seaford, which is believed to be in a complete state. They have already unearthed some mediæval pottery and foundations of buildings

THE SOCIAL WHIRL CONTINUES



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH LADY ZIA WERNHER AND MISS GEORGINA WERNHER AT THE SOMERIES HOUSE GARDEN-PARTY



JOHN GIELGUD EN ROUTE TO DENMARK

Despite the none too good news from Europe, the social racket still goes gaily on, and quite right, too, for what is the use of squealing before you are hurt! The Duchess of Kent, after a short stay in Florence for the wedding of her cousin, Princess Irene of Greece, attended a garden-party at Somerries House, given by Lady Zia Wernher in connection with a Christmas sale in aid of the University College Hospital, of which H.R.H. is President. Sir Derrick Wernher's brother, Sir Harold Wernher, plays No. 1 in his own Somerries House polo team. Lady Queensberry and Lady Mary Dunn, when photographed, were still on board the S.S. "Brazil," on which they returned from South America after their alligator hunting trip. Lady Mary Dunn is nursing a damaged foot, having dropped



LADY LINLITHGOW ARRIVES HOME FOR HER SON'S WEDDING: L. TO R., LADY MARY HERBERT, LORD JOHN HOPE, MISS VIVIEN KENYON-SLANEY (THE FUTURE BRIDE), LADY LINLITHGOW AND LORD HOPE TOUN (THE BRIDEGROOM-ELECT)

a hunting-knife on it. About John Gielgud, it might be said that Hamlet is flying to his home-town, as he is now in Denmark in that rôle in the Danish open-air production. Fay Compton is playing Ophelia. A large family gathering met Lady Linlithgow, the consort of the Viceroy of India, at Croydon when she arrived by air for the wedding of her eldest son, Lord Hopetoun, to Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney, which takes place in Westminster Abbey on July 24



THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY AND LADY MARY DUNN IN NEW YORK

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

autobiography of writers often inclined to be dull. Happily, Miss Mannin contrives to combine an amusing and interesting account of her purely writing life without unduly elaborating the details of her work. Take, for instance, this description of—well, almost any hotel bedroom: "There is a kind of callousness about hotel bedrooms; they receive you, in utmost mental and physical intimacy, yet when you have packed up to leave stare back at you as though they had never seen you in their lives before—even whilst your letters still lie torn up in the wastepaper basket, and there are hairs from your brush on the dressing-table; they disown you completely, and, empty, strangely bare, entirely impersonal, await the next newcomer.... It is the same with a place, too: the day you are leaving it you have gone from it the moment you step out of bed; it is no more anything to do with you; it looks different; something the way it looked when you first arrived in it, and all was strange. You and it have disowned each other already." Thus is the book readable from beginning to end. Most readable of all—and this is unusual in an autobiography—is the last chapter, entitled "Conclusions," which is a kind of general summing-up of life as experience has, so far, taught her to place first things first, and the wilder stampendings of existence more in their proper place of secondary importance—which is where they ultimately find themselves in life, as a rule.

Thoughts from "Privileged Spectator."

"The penalty of loving deeply is the terrible fear of loss which walks hand in hand all the time with the joy of possession."

"A number of people have vivid personalities; very few have a presence."

"To have one's cake and to eat it still remains an admirable ideal, and not as impracticable as many suppose."

"Loving, we cease to be free; other lives become woven into the fabric of our own, determining the pattern."

An Enchanting Book.

Sometimes, as you lie in bed during that delightful half an hour between wakefulness and getting up, your mind wanders in all directions over the past until at moments you ask yourself in astonishment: "Now how on earth did I come to remember this when my train of thought began in a totally different direction?" It's like starting from the contemplation of a pin to find yourself suddenly studying the moon! Your mind has jumped about, so to speak, here and there; wandering in this direction and that, and gone off at the most surprising tangent for no apparent reason whatsoever. Yet it has all seemed to fit in.

Thus is the *Further Reminiscences* by Sir John Squire, "Water Music" (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), an enchanting book. We begin with the account of an expedition through some of the main canals of England, from Oxford to Warwick

and Tewkesbury, and back again, undertaken in a canoe with his friend, William Bliss. We return to that canoe from time to time; we paddle down—or is it up?—the canals, staying the night in country canal-side inns, visiting villages along their banks, exploring such towns as Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon, and spending one dull, uncomfortable Sunday in Banbury. We do these things, and the doing of them is most entertaining. But they are only, as it were, stepping-off places for that exploration among memories which is the real purport of the book—namely, reminiscences! As Sir John explores, I can imagine no more utterly delightful way of writing what I will call the scenario of a life-story. Everything, apart from the canoe and the canal, is unexpected.

One never knows from one page to another where we are going to be taken, or whom we are going to meet in retrospect.

For example, we are in Devonshire during some episode of the writer's youth, swimming. In an instant we are wading slowly into the grey muddied seas of Sussex and the East Coast. We are dipping into the Telephone Book, but, in the twinkling of an eye, we are in St. Mary's Church, in Warwick, and back into history via the tomb of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, "from whose cousin, Robert, spring the modern Earls of Warwick." We are with Thomas Hardy (a delightfully intimate visit) during that part of the trip which is supposed to be taking us from Tewkesbury to Cricklade, and how we got to Max Gate I know not, except that it all seemed to come quite naturally, like one memory leading to another. During the same part of the trip we wander into a dissertation on cheese, and how, in the best hotels, the head-waiter has had little or no experience with any cheese other than foreign ones, and yet, somehow or other, we are presently back again in Tewkesbury's lovely abbey.

And how a very intimately personal meeting with Rudyard Kipling, shortly before his death, came into the picture I really do not know. But it did, and

it was woven into the pattern of the book as naturally as if we had gone deliberately into the Athenaeum Club, where it took place, and were not actually supposed to be interested only in that part of this adventure in a canoe, which was returning us by canal back to Oxford. And so the book goes on wandering, hither and thither, enchantingly. Not for a long time have I come across one so delightfully easy to read, so interesting, so amusing or so completely absorbing. Mentally speaking, it is as refreshing as a country holiday! As companionable as a friend. Since the same writer's delightful quasi-memories "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," I can think of no more enchanting book of rambling reminiscences than this one. It struck me as being a joy to read, and likely to be an equal joy to re-read later on, again and yet again.



THE "WEEP FOR THE SPRING" CAST ON THE RIVER CHERWELL, OXFORD

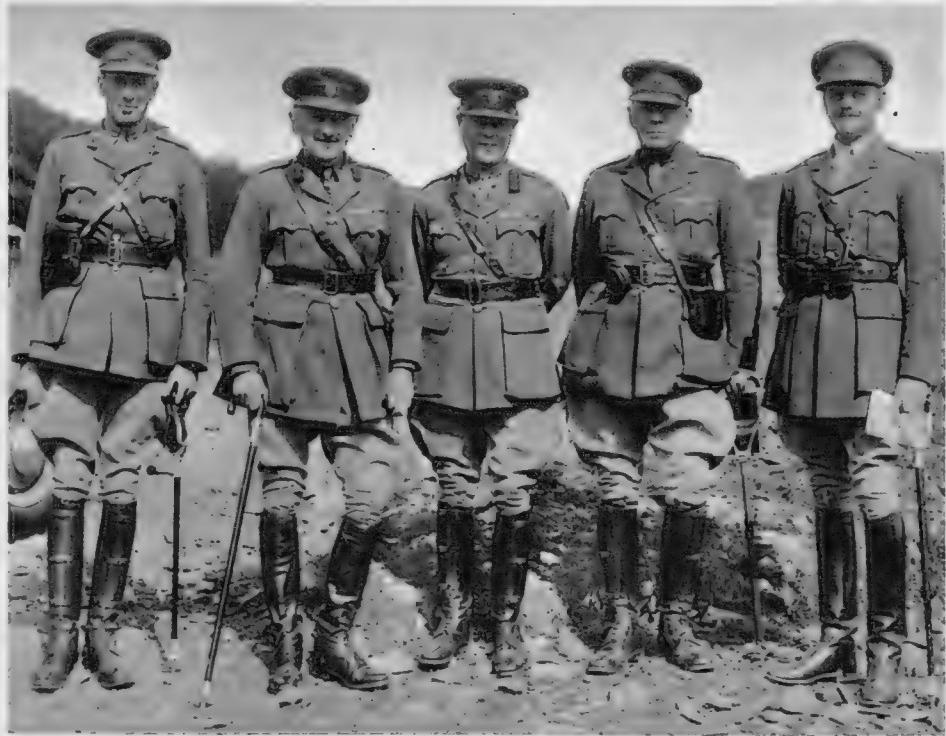
The above photograph was taken during the week in which *Weep for the Spring* was being staged at the New Theatre, Oxford. The play was presented by Alan Hay, ex-President of the O.U.D.S. L. to r. are: Stephen Haggard, author and juvenile lead, and nephew of Sir Rider Haggard; Athene Seyler, Peggy Ashcroft, and, doing all the dirty work, Nicholas Hannen

ANTI-TANKERS HARD AT IT

WORCESTERSHIRE AND OXFORDSHIRE YEOMANRY



LT. THE HON. CHARLES LYTTELTON,
A WEAPON AND A GUNNER



MAJOR R. B. RICE (BRIGADE MAJOR), BRIGADIER THE HON. E. F. LAWSON,
COL. SIR COLIN JARDINE, LT.-COL. A. J. MUIRHEAD, C.O., AND MAJOR J. R. C.
CHRISTOPHER (ADJT.)



A SQUADRON COMMANDER AND HIS OFFICERS

L. to r.: 2nd-Lieut. M. Sperling, Lieut. B. G. Barnett, Lieut. C. H. Priestley, Major J. Thomson,
2nd-Lieut. W. G. Bryan, 2nd-Lieut. Lord Harcourt and 2nd-Lieut. G. J. C. Priestley

These two former Hussar units, both with a fine record of service in two major wars, were converted under the mechanisation scheme and consolidated into the 53rd Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A., with a strength of two batteries, but they still preserve the old cavalry nomenclature of squadrons. The pictures were taken during their training in camp at Trawsfynydd, in North Wales. Brigadier the Hon. E. F. Lawson, seen in the Red Tab group at the top, is C.R.A. the 48th (South Midland) Division, and his Brigade Major is in the same picture, as also Lt.-Col. Muirhead, the Under-Secretary for India, who has commanded this unit since 1936. Sir Colin Jardine is now on the General Staff at the War House. He has been a regular Gunner all his service—a very distinguished one at that. The Hon. Charles Lyttelton, seen with one of the weapons about whose calibre we do not talk, is Lord Cobham's son and heir. Lord Cobham, originally a Rifleman (R.B.), is a former C.O. of the unit; his son is Captain of the Worcestershire County C.C. Major Stockton, seen in the lower right-hand group with some of his subalterns, commands the Banbury Squadron of this Anti-Tank regiment. Captain Gibbons, seen hard at work with the range-finder on the gun, is a cousin of Lt.-Col. Sir Alexander Stanier, C.O. Welsh Guards



Truman Howell
L. TO R.: 2nd-LT. J. R. TURRILL, 2nd-LT. J. B. SCHUSTER, 2nd-LT. LORD
BIRKENHEAD, 2nd-LT. R. C. GREVILLE, 2nd-LT. J. L. HURST AND
MAJOR J. STOCKTON. BELOW: CAPTAIN L. J. GIBBONS AND AN N.C.O.



CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

SITTING in the window of the Royal and Ancient club-house and surveying that historic, if commonplace, rectangle of grass that forms the first and eighteenth holes, I cease to wonder that men have been heard to say they would rather win one championship at St. Andrews than two anywhere else. The Open at St. Andrews compares with the Open at other courses just as the latter compares with any of the minor mid-season professional tournaments. Golf surely can offer no more exquisite moment than when the final putt for



"BOBBY" LOCKE AT ST. ANDREWS

The above was actually taken when the famous South African was playing a practice round for the Golf Open on the Old Course. He returned a 70 in his first championship round

victory rolls into the hole on that eighteenth green, with watchers ten deep on every side and the old gentlemen of the Royal and Ancient craning their necks to see over each other from the big bay windows.

This year, incidentally, that traditional sanctum and holy of holies, the Big Room, was invaded for the first time in history by professional competitors in the championship. A cynical friend of mine who had been studying the balance-sheet, opined that the R. and A.'s unprecedented decision was due to a desire to swell the bar receipts, upon which even the most august golf club has largely to rely for its financial existence. Another view, which I prefer, is that the humanising influence of Lord Wardington had been at work. In any case, the decision was a good one, and had been many years delayed. To any who disagree I would ask, "Are the manners of your own club professional better, or worse, than those of the average member of your club?" There can't be two answers to that one.

I wish that more Americans had been able to come over. Say what you like, they lend enormous colour to a championship. Their clothes, their expressions, their very attitude to the game, are so freshly different from our own, even if they don't any longer win. We had Lawson Little, well known already on this side, and John Bulla, a young giant from Chicago, who was paying his first visit to Great Britain after just failing to win the United States Open Championship. But Sam Snead, Gene Sarazen and Tommy Armour were all unable to come. And much as we should like to have

seen them, will they please note that in future it will help matters a great deal, apart from being only common politeness, if they will kindly announce that they have scratched? As it is, their absence cannot be taken for granted until they fail to appear on the tee.

You may recall, by the way, that I was complaining a week or two ago of the poor service of news in this country concerning the American Open, the second most important golfing event in the world. A friend, on reading this, sent me a cutting from an American paper showing that the final stages of the championship were dramatic enough to interest every golfer in Britain. It is all stale news now, but in case you missed it—just one item. Did you realise that Sam Snead came to the last hole (540 yards) needing—though he did not know it at the time, being an early starter—a *five* to win the championship? With what will rank as one of the classic "blow-ups" of golfing history, poor Sam took *eight*. He drove into the rough, took a wooden club (there's a moral for all of us there), put his second in a trap, failed to get out, put his fourth into another, and then, trying to "bolt" a 30-footer, over-ran the hole and missed the one back. Such a tragedy must be haunting him still. I only hope it does not affect his nerve permanently.

Playing at St. Andrews was another young American, George Low. You have probably heard varying versions of the disgruntled golfer who hurled his clubs out of the train window and over the Forth Bridge. Low was the man who did it. He was seventeen at the time, he told me, and had just won a big tournament at Cruden Bay. Then he went to play in the Boys' Championship, where he was beaten by a lad who played, right-handed, with his left hand

below his right! On the way home he was alone in the carriage with an elderly woman and as they crossed the Forth Bridge she took out a coin and threw it out "for luck." "Right!" said young Low, and, taking his brand-new clubs and bag from the rack, he pitched them overboard. His father, who was one of the many Carnoustie golfers who went to seek their fortune in the United States, forbade him to play golf for a year as a punishment. Still, it must have been an unforgettable moment when those clubs pitched on the parapet, hung for a moment, and then disappeared.



GOLF IN FAIR KASHMIR

The finalists in the Ladies' Lower Course Championship at Gulmarg, in which Mrs. Rawlins (left) beat Mrs. Birdwood



MORE KASHMIR GOLFERS

Mr. A. Chapman (left), Punjab Police, who beat Colonel E. G. Kennedy, I.M.S., in the final for the Duncan Vase. They play golf under idyllic conditions in this lovely spot in the Kashmir hills, and at this time of year under first-class climatic conditions

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



SEAFORD GOLF CLUB, SUSSEX—BY "MEL"

The course of the Seaford Golf Club at Blatchington is a typical downland one, laid out on a wide plateau about a mile and a half inland from Seaford railway station and town. In one respect only does Seaford not conform to the true downland type. The majority of courses on the Downs are unable to avoid a proportion of scrambling holes up and down hill, but at Blatchington there is none of that, the nearest approach to it being in passing through the shallow dip on the way to the first and the eighteenth. During the past twenty years, the reconstruction of many holes and the modernisation of a great number of the bunkers has been carried out. General the Hon. Sir Herbert Lawrence is the President of the Club, and the professional, Joe Cheal, has been there for thirty-three years.

NEXT WEEK: ROEHAMPTON CLUB.

GOLF AND GALA: THE BUCKS CLUB WEEK-END AT LE TOUQUET



LADY CASTLEROSSE AND LADY MILTON BY THE CLUB-HOUSE



SIT AS YOU PLEASE: FRANCES DAY ENJOYING THE SUNSHINE WITH JACK BARTHOLOMEW



GALA DRESSED: MRS. "REGGIE" SHEFFIELD



MAJOR THE HON. CHARLES CUBITT WITH MR. AND MRS. ROBIN FILMER-WILSON



AT THE HERMITAGE GALA: THE HON.
MRS. CRIPPS AND LORD SEFTON

The annual Bucks Club invasion of Le Touquet, primarily for golf, though galas and gambles are important items in the week-end play bill, always goes well, and this year a particularly good time was had, both by brave and fair—the latter strongly in support, as usual. Frances Day's visit,



MAJOR RONALD STANYFORTH, LADY BURNAY AND MRS. O'CALLAGHAN

a flying one, of course, was regrettably brief, starting on Sunday and ending on Monday afternoon, when she had to hurry back to the Hippodrome and *Black and Blue*. Lord Milton's wife, looking like a flapper in her trousers, had lots of time to spare, and she and Lady Castlerosse did audience to golf contests once or twice. Mrs. Robin Filmer-Wilson, the former Lady Jersey, watched her husband and Major Cubitt in action, and Lady Burney (wife of Sir Dennistoun) and Mrs. Callaghan, were making good use of clubs themselves; their *vis-à-vis*, Major Stanyforth, has been Comptroller to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester since 1930. Lord Sefton, Lancashire landowner and Leicestershire well-known, did not last long in the golf tournament, but was going great guns at the Hermitage gala. At dinner he sat next to another Meltonian, the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps, than whom nobody looks better on a horse. Mrs. "Reggie" Sheffield, whose pink dinner dress had silver stripes and was tremendously becoming, was the widow of Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston when she married Sir Berkeley Sheffield's second son in 1931.



ME AND MY GIRLS

The Hon. Mrs.
Maurice Bridgeman
with Erica Jane
and
Theresa Anne

Herewith a new contribution to the Bridgeman family portrait gallery, featuring the wife and daughters of Lord Bridgeman's youngest brother. Erica Jane, born in 1934 and three years older than sister Theresa Anne (Tessa, for short), shares her first name with her mother, the former Miss Diana Mary Erica Wilson, who is Mr. and Mrs. Minto Wilson's younger daughter. The Hon. Maurice Bridgeman, whose late father, the first Viscount Bridgeman, rendered this country distinguished service in various Ministerial offices, is collaterally related to Lord Bradford through his great-grandfather. It is rather curious to note that whereas the senior branch of the Bridgeman family is tremendously Harrovian, Eton educated the Hon. Maurice Bridgeman, his brothers and his father. This famous clan will, according to annual custom, be rallying at Lord's on Friday and Saturday of this week, wearing rival buttonholes, but delighted to meet

Photograph:
Marcus Adams,
Dover Street

ETON DRAWS



THE HON. MRS. BRUCE WITH
HER TWO SONS DAVID AND JOHN



MRS. J. GILMOUR WITH HER SON
IAN AND M. V. CHRISTIE MILLER



LORD OLIVER FITZROY, HIS
SISTER, LADY ANNE FITZROY,
AND MISS MARY FITZROY



MRS. STRATTON
AND D. STRATTON



LADY MOIRA LYTTELTON WITH HER TWO SONS,
JULIAN AND ANTHONY
(BELOW) MISS VIRGINIA HUGHES ONSLOW AND HER BROTHER NEIL



MRS. ROBERT
SOMERSET
TAKES A WALK WITH HER SON

For the eighth year in succession the Eton and Winchester match had to be closed with a draw, if anything rather in the favour of Winchester. The result was a great disappointment to everyone, as there was every prospect of it being a close finish. Neither team had much in the way of bowlers, although Winchester was a bit the stronger. As regards the scores, Winchester declared at 313 for nine in the first innings, A. R. Taylor knocking up a nice 99, and R. A. Henley a 53. Eton were all out for 253, (N. T. A. Fiennes 82 and J. G. Mackurtan 69). In the second innings Winchester had made 136 for three when stumps were drawn. The attendance was very bad on both days, but the photographer managed to draw a bead on a few well-knowns, such as the



Hon. Mrs. Bruce who was being escorted by her sons. Mrs. Bruce is the eldest daughter of Lord Maugham, and married in 1919 Robert Charles Bruce, a kinsman of Lord Elgin. The Duke of Grafton's younger son, Lord Oliver FitzRoy, had his sister, Lady Anne FitzRoy, walking round with him. Lady Moira Lyttelton, who is seen with her two boys, Julian and Anthony, is the youngest sister of the Duke of Leeds; and married Lord Cobham's cousin, Captain Oliver Lyttelton, who was also at Eton. Mrs. Robert Somerset married a kinsman of the Duke of Beaufort, and her eldest son John, with whom she is seen above, has only just gone to Eton.

AT THE RECENT ALDERSHOT



MR. N. P. FOSTER (LIFE GUARDS) WITH CAPTAIN AND LADY JANE NELSON



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN DILL

HORSE AND HOUND SHOW



MR. HUGH FLOWER WITH CAPTAIN AND MRS. PETER FLOWER (COLDSTREAM)



LIEUT.-COLONEL SHARP AND LADY HARRINGTON



CAPTAIN THE HON. PETER AND MRS. BARNARD, MISS PEGGY PHILIPPS, AND MRS. OLIVER SISNEY



SIR PETER AND LADY FARQUHAR ARRIVING

Photos: Arthur Owen

The rude behaviour of the weather did not prevent the Aldershot Horse and Hound Show from scoring its customary win. With an entry of 700 horses, it suggests itself that mechanisation may have spoken out of its turn, and there were 20,000 people to look at them and the foxhounds, by no means an unimportant side-line. A win at Aldershot or York may not count as much as one at Peterborough, but it counts all the same. The packs represented were all Southerners, but class good for their job, none the less. Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Part, M.F.H. (Hertfordshire), and Sir Peter Farquhar, whose last mastership was a joint partnership in the Whaddon, did the judging, and very well too, for both know what a foxhound should look like. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester honoured the occasion and gave away the awards. In the picture at the top she is seen under escort of the G.O.C.-in-C. Aldershot, to which high honour he came from the present most unholy land of Palestine. Almost every arm in the Service was on the premises (horse—mechanised, foot also, and even some real marching ones and dragoons—also mechanised), and all went very well. The only blot was Lady Wright's fall in a jumping contest. Coming on top of a more or less recent very serious one, this was not so good. Luckily, no permanent damage was done.

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By REGINALD ARKELL



*These
Ballet
Russians*

LARA OBIDENNA, YURA LAZOVSKY
DIMITRI ROSTOFF, PAUL PETROFF
IRINA KOSMOHNSKA,
TAMARA
GRIGORIEVA.

THE Russians, as we know, are a strange people—inscrutable and all that sort of thing. . . . You never know what they are really up to. . . . They keep us guessing—oh, definitely!

The last time I went to Covent Garden was at Christmas, to see Nelson Keys playing the Dame in pantomime. The production, if I remember, was by Mr. Francis Laidler. . . . Well, here is another pantomime—*Cendrillon*: scenes and dances by Michael Fokine, and if I say that the pantomimes of Messrs. Laidler and Fokine have very little in common, students of modern international history will understand what I mean.

True, we still have the Ugly Sisters, the Fairy Godmother and Cinderella's little glass slipper, but can we take these things at their face value? Being Russian, are they not symbols for something more significant? Let us tread warily, lest, having parked our umbrella in the *vestiaire*, we expose ourselves as the sort of low-brows whose back hair gets into their eyes. As I say, you never can tell what these Russians are really up to.

You don't get much help from the audience. A rather bored lady on my right described *Cendrillon* as "a sop to the lower middle-classes—intellectually speaking, of course,"

and the old gentleman in the seat behind, who thought he had come to the opera, kept on saying: "Speak up! Speak up!" while the Jasinskys and Lazovskys were doing their stuff.

That's the best of the ballet—there isn't a dull word in it. The sensitive ear is never offended by some verbal *gaucherie* or by the sort of lyric that crooners croon. At the ballet, "Silence, like a poultice comes to heal the blows of sound."

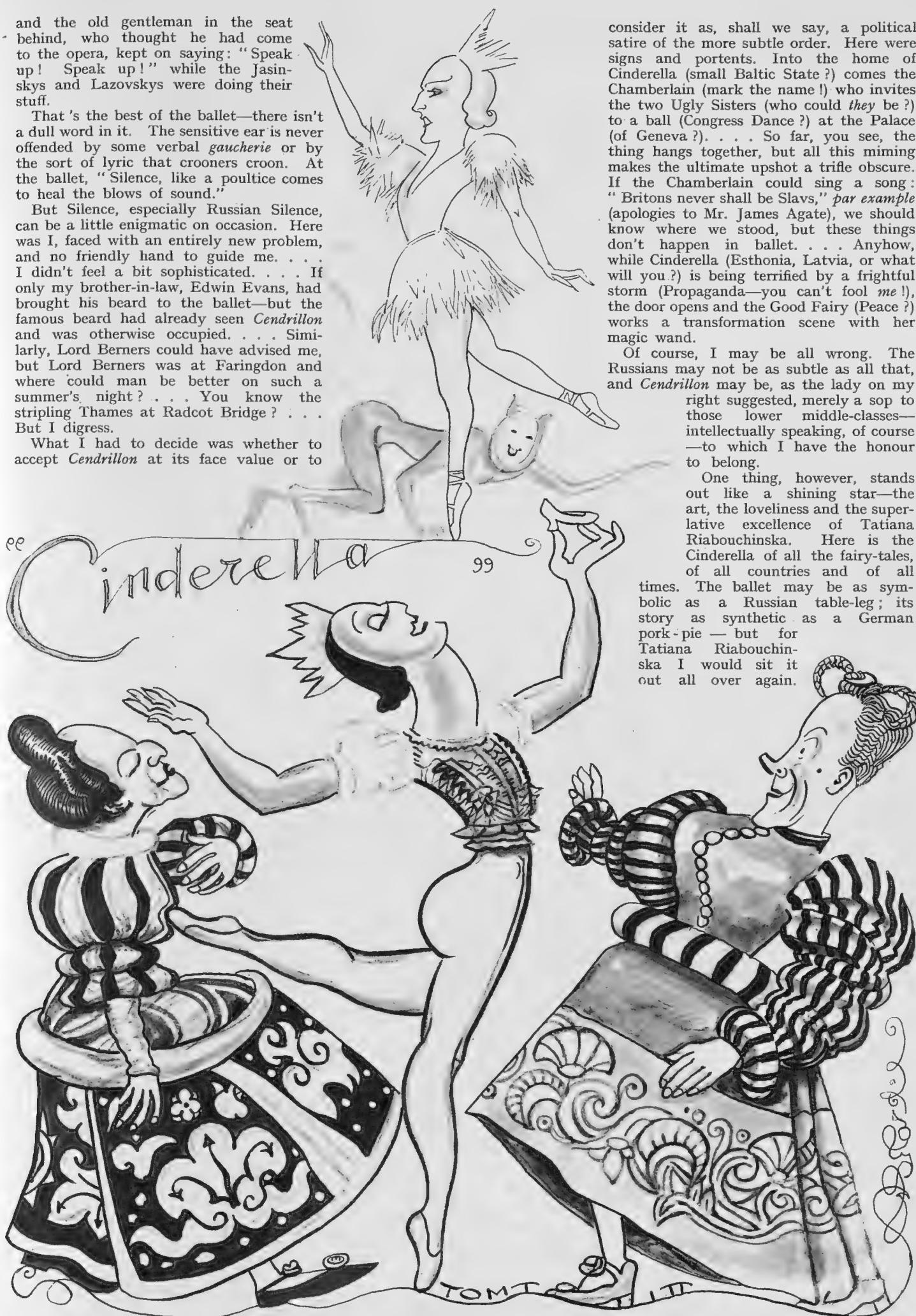
But Silence, especially Russian Silence, can be a little enigmatic on occasion. Here was I, faced with an entirely new problem, and no friendly hand to guide me. . . . I didn't feel a bit sophisticated. . . . If only my brother-in-law, Edwin Evans, had brought his beard to the ballet—but the famous beard had already seen *Cendrillon* and was otherwise occupied. . . . Similarly, Lord Berners could have advised me, but Lord Berners was at Faringdon and where could man be better on such a summer's night? . . . You know the strippling Thames at Radcot Bridge? . . . But I digress.

What I had to decide was whether to accept *Cendrillon* at its face value or to

consider it as, shall we say, a political satire of the more subtle order. Here were signs and portents. Into the home of Cinderella (small Baltic State?) comes the Chamberlain (mark the name!) who invites the two Ugly Sisters (who could they be?) to a ball (Congress Dance?) at the Palace (of Geneva?). . . . So far, you see, the thing hangs together, but all this miming makes the ultimate upshot a trifle obscure. If the Chamberlain could sing a song: "Britons never shall be Slavs," *par example* (apologies to Mr. James Agate), we should know where we stood, but these things don't happen in ballet. . . . Anyhow, while Cinderella (Estonia, Latvia, or what will you?) is being terrified by a frightful storm (Propaganda—you can't fool *me*!), the door opens and the Good Fairy (Peace?) works a transformation scene with her magic wand.

Of course, I may be all wrong. The Russians may not be as subtle as all that, and *Cendrillon* may be, as the lady on my right suggested, merely a sop to those lower middle-classes—intellectually speaking, of course—to which I have the honour to belong.

One thing, however, stands out like a shining star—the art, the loveliness and the superlative excellence of Tatiana Riabouchinska. Here is the Cinderella of all the fairy-tales, of all countries and of all times. The ballet may be as symbolic as a Russian table-leg; its story as synthetic as a German pork-pie—but for Tatiana Riabouchinska I would sit it out all over again.



Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER—I believe it was M. Jean Chiappe who, when he was Préfet de Police, told me that whenever riots threatened Paris he always consulted the barometer and acted accordingly. Nothing, it seems, is so damping to the bellicose humour of the mob as a good downpour. More street risings have been quelled by a shower of rain than by the *garde mobile* and with fewer casualties. I have no reason to question the experience of so energetic a mob-queller as M. Chiappe, but I am inclined to believe that trouble-makers must be easier to discourage than pleasure-seekers if one may judge from the amazing throng which attended the *Nuit de Longchamps* undismayed by the weather.

I have seen this glorified beanfeast from quite a few angles and having exhausted all that exist on the *pesage* side of the track, I decided this year to make revel with *hoi polloi* at the *pelouse*. It is always as well to see everything—once! Hating crowds as I do (and I don't care whether it's an Embassy garden-party crowd or the Métro at rush-hour!), I cannot pretend that I enjoyed myself, but I was impressed by the good humour and gaiety of the people. I don't think I heard the two ominous words, "war" and "taxes," mentioned once. I was amused, also, at the eagerness shown by the ladies to attend the boxing matches, while the men were just as determined to see the various ballets.

Earlier in the week I had asked Léon Volterra, who was one of the principal organisers of the 150 "entertainment numbers" that gladdened the night, why he had arranged for so many as thirty boxing matches and five different ballet companies. He simply shrugged his shoulders, shifted his cigar from one cheek to the other, and murmured something about a hunch. As usual, he was right. Mere jugglers, wire-walkers, acrobats and clowns were received with politeness, but the roars of applause were kept for the boxing champions and the dancers of the grand opera *corps de ballet*. Rose-ray and her two partners, Gaston and Tony, also had a great success in a serio-comic dance that is something quite new in its presentation of daring acrobatics combined with mimed humour. It is what one might describe as a *danse pince-sans-rive* except that the laughter, on the part of the spectators, is long and loud.

At this time of the year when all the theatres are closing for the summer and the Comédie Française, though still open, has despatched its leading *sociétaires* to amass gold and glory in far-distant lands, the new version of the revue at the "A.B.C." (Théâtre du Rire et de la Chanson), is the high spot for visitors who expect Paris to live up to its reputation for lightness and gaiety. Charles Trenet, the "singing fool," who came to the stage from "the air" little more than a year ago and, like the ineffable baby of a certain poem, got the blue of his eyes from the sky on his way through, heads the list of an all-star programme. His popularity is such that the traffic on the boulevards is held up twice a day by the autograph-hunters. Mitty Goldin, who owns the "A.B.C." and who gave him his first engagement; Joe Brooke (from the old country), who is the house manager, and Legrand-Chabrier, who keeps the boys and girls of the Press happy, are besieged by an army of would-be free-seaters at every performance, but what can they do about it save shake their heads regretfully? Why, nuffink! Every



PIAZ, PARIS

ARLETTE MARSHAL

This talented and very easy-on-the-eye artiste, plays the part of Queen Alexandra in the film *Entente Cordiale*, which is having such a deservedly long and successful run in Paris. This picture, as the title suggests, is concerned with the events leading to the cementing of Anglo-French friendship in the first years of this century. It is said that there is little chance of it being shown over here, owing to the depicting of King Edward VII. One of Arlette Marshal's first stage successes was in the part of the young schoolmistress in *Mädchen in Uniform*



ELISABETH SIMOR, "MISS BLUE DANUBE"

Budapest's prettiest girl, who twelve months ago was chosen "Miss Blue Danube 1938," has just been elected for a second term. This year there were no Austrian competitors as Hitler regards the annual contest as unworthy of true subjects of the Reich

see a writer who, becoming one of the latter, passes up that chance in favour of the Goncourt. André Maurois will, I imagine, confirm this!

It was quite a fight to get Sacha elected even to the Goncourt Academy, and speaking from Poste Parisien on the evening of his election, he gave vent to his bitterness that a certain eminent literary critic should have refused to vote for him. Having exhausted that topic, Pierre Brisson, of *Le Temps*, was scathingly mentioned by our spoiled actor-dramatist-Bluebeard, who cannot forgive this young dramatic critic for not taking him seriously. It must give Sacha a lot of satisfaction to thus tick off his enemies when he "goes on the air," but one wonders if it really amuses his listeners—or, no doubt, I should add, my readers! 'Nuff sed—and 'nuff written, since here am I at the bottom of my page.

PRISCILLA.

OVER THERE AND OVER HERE



HOLLYWOOD SMILES : MARK HELLINGER, RICARDO CORTEZ, AND MRS. HELLINGER

Hyman Fink

ON RIGHT: MAN-TAILORED
KATHARINE HEPBURN IN
NEW YORK



THE SANDS OF GLEE: JESSIE MATTHEWS AND HER DAUGHTER CATHERINE BESIDE THE SEASIDE

CARY GRANT WITH LUCILE FAIRBANKS AT HOLLYWOOD'S CLOVER CLUB,
A GREAT RENDEZVOUS FOR STARS

Hyman Fink

Please find here people who entertain you on stage and screen, as well as another public benefactor, to wit, the American author, Mark Hellinger, many of whose short stories have appeared in this paper. The camera horned-in on the Hellingers (she is Gladys Glad) and Ricardo Cortez when they were supping cheerfully at Hollywood's Clover Club, which is also a favourite playtime haunt of Cary Grant. The latter's *Only Angels Have Wings*, spectacular and romantic South American air adventure, in which Richard Barthelmess is a co-star, should be showing in London shortly. Meet a new Broadway high-light in Katharine Hepburn, who, on loan from Hollywood to New York, gives a notable performance in Philip Barry's sophisticated comedy, *Philadelphia Story*. On Broadway La Hepburn is glamorously dressed, but off-stage this is the sort of suit she favours. And so to the remaining photograph on this page, and a particularly engaging one, of Jessie Matthews and four-year-old adopted daughter riding on the sands at St. Annes-on-Sea. Sonnie Hale is there, too, and both he and his wife are seeing to it that little Catherine has the time of her young life. It is reported that charming Jessie Matthews, after a series of tremendous screen triumphs, is now going back to the stage

PRETTY PEOPLE AT THE FERNE POLO BALL AT SHAFTESBURY

MISS VIVIEN DAUNTESEY WITH
MR. GEORGE HARMOOD-BANNERLADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY
WITH LORD KILLANINMRS. MAURICE NEILL (NÉE GRANT-
MORDEN) WITH SIR STEPHEN BULLMISS JOAN TYRWHITT-DRAKE AND
FIANCÉ, MR. WINSTANLEY

MISS WINSTANLEY WITH MR. DUDLEY FORWOOD

The Ferne Polo Ball, annual dancing frisk of one of the most flourishing mixed polo clubs in the country, took place at the Coombe House Hotel, Shaftesbury, attended by the Cambridge (Footlights) Swingstars, a most lively team in which Sir Harmood Harmood-Banner's son George scored heavily as "drums." As usual, a prime promoter was the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's younger daughter, founder of the Club (which has its ground on her father's Dorset estate) and a star turn at the game; last year Lady Margaret Oddments, when the Ladies' Polo Championship—1939 version is July 17 to 22—was inaugurated at Hurlingham. Down from London for the Ferne ball came Irish Lord Killanin, who is a subaltern in the Queen's Westminsters; that socialite Freeman of the City, Sir Stephen Bull; and Miss Aurea Weldon, attractive cousin of the Weldon brothers, ardent winter-sporter and personal friend of the ducal house of Douglas-Hamilton. Miss Joan Tyrwhitt-Drake, daughter of the late Mr. "Teddy" Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Shardeloes, was staying at Rownhams House, near Southampton, with Major and Mrs. Richard Winstanley, parents of her fiancé, Mr. Clement Winstanley; her future sister-in-law is seen with Mr. Dudley Forwood, Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor since 1937 and only son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Dudley Forwood, Hampshireman. Pictures concerned with the Ferne Polo-Club's recent tournament appear in our next week's issue

MISS AUREA WELDON GIVES
MR. JOHN MARDEN A DANCE

Stepping Sunwards

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"CECIL"—MR. A. C. HOEY



LORD FRANCIS SCOTT



"TOMMY"—MR. W. B. THOMPSON



CAPTAIN F. O'B. WILSON

MR. W. HARR

AN ARTIST'S CLEVER IMPRESSIONS OF

The inhabitants of that equatorial, but beautiful, region Kenya whose capital, Nairobi, is on a plateau nearly 7,000 ft. up in the air, live in a very active and b
if you desire to be apart, this is one of the pleasantest places in which to achieve it. The clever artist collected all these striking portraits on the spot and it is u
earliest settlers, has been to sea, is a famed big-game shot, and until quite recently a member of the Legislative Council; Lord Francis Scott we all know w
with the League against handing Tanganyika back to Germany! Chris Clennel, a coffee planter, who plays the polo game very well, as does "Mackinlay Ma"
or "John Eull," is a first-rate farmer and tremendously popular. Now looks after property of Lady Macmillan, widow of Sir Northrup Macmillan. The
Farmers' Co-op.; and Ben Garland is held to be the biggest man in Kenya in more ways

PERSONALITIES IN KENYA COLONY



MURRIGAN—THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL

OF SOME OF HIS FELLOW CELEBRITIES

busy world of their own—a statement true only so far as any one anywhere on earth can claim to live in isolation. But the main thing about Kenya is that, understood that his models are clamouring for possession of the originals, as well they might. As to a short academy catalogue : " Cecil " Hoey is one of the and like for the good chap and fine sportsman that he is ; in serious moments an earnest politician as also is Major Cavendish-Bentinck, especially in connexion as" as well as being a star golfer, and with Captain F. O'B. Wilson one of the most popular entities in the colony. Mr. W. B. Thompson, known as " Tommy," the Attorney-General, like most lawyers, can very well speak for himself. Jack Wolryche-Whitmore is a farmer in a big way and chairman of the Kenya rays than one! He is one of Kenya's biggest maize growers and a well-known " figure "

Drawn by COLONEL C. M. TRUMAN



Sh - Sh - Sh - Sh -

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE
IS THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE



ETON WHO BEAT HAILEYBURY

L. to r., standing: A. F. S. Coats, C. D. D. Gilmour, the Hon. R. F. Wood, D. N. G. Duckham, I. McL. Pearson, J. A. Lyttelton. (Sitting) V. G. Wallace, J. G. Mackeurtan, N. T. A. Fiennes (captain), B. D. Barton and D. W. J. Colman

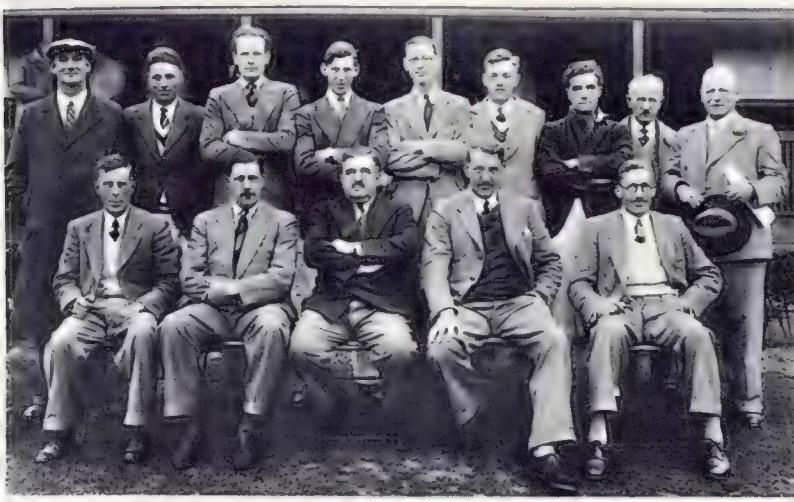
RECENT CRICKET OCCASIONS



HAILEYBURY 1939 CRICKET TEAM

Photos.: Stuart

L. to r. (standing): J. F. S. Saunders, D. A. Creaton, J. B. Chanter, R. G. C. Thorneycroft (not played v. Eton), A. F. Wensley (coach), A. L. Hardy, R. H. Ridder and R. G. R. Toller. (Sitting) J. D. Burridge, A. B. Sheldon (with school mascot, "Spookie"), W. J. H. Shephard (captain), J. H. Fairbairn and A. Fairbairn



THE HAMPSHIRE HOGS IN MUFTI

L. to r. (back): G. Brown (umpire), J. Smee, J. M. Napier, B. H. C. Nation, A. Baxter, P. P. Bloy, P. Spring, G. Ridges (umpire), and G. F. White (scorer). (Seated) Major D. W. Pailthorpe, G. Kenward-Eggar, P. M. Hall (captain), C. G. Cuff and D. B. Haig



THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENTAL XI. AND SUPPORTERS

Photos.: Crisp

L. to r. (back): G. Brown (umpire), Captain V. D. L. Talbot, Captain W. M. Gullick, M.C., Major d'E. G. Chamberlain, Mr. R. P. Williams, Mr. F. McD. McKillop, Mr. D. D. Crofts, G. Ridges (umpire), and F. D. Packer (scorer). (Seated) The Rev. J. W. J. Steele, Major J. M. Lee, Major H. M. Bowers (captain), Major F. A. Atchison, and Lt.-Col. H. C. Dolphin, D.S.O.



THE GLOUCESTER GYPSIES TEAM

L. to r. (standing): H. Higgins, W. L. Powell, J. H. Clarke, R. A. E. Cheales, the Hon. Hugh Bampfylde, C. Hollinshead, and T. G. Wilkins. (Sitting) J. T. Badham, G. A. Laverton, Major K. B. Godsell (captain), M. Munden and D. Dash



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, 1939

Photos.: W. Dennis Moss

L. to r. (standing): D. Ogden, C. Wingrove, D. C. Cropper, D. S. Sarson, T. H. W. Denley, G. Riley, J. R. Clapham. (Sitting) H. L. Knapp, R. W. Pickford, V. W. Lipscomb (captain), Dr. C. Tyler, and R. N. Cardwell

All the hard-working cricketers on this page have been in action more or less recently, and some of them will be again almost before the ink is dry on this paper, for Eton, for one, have got to face up to the annual scrap v. Harrow at Lord's on July 14-15. Harrow say they will win it this year. The betting is the usual odds on a draw, and there is also the usual hope that some day they will let the boys have a three-day match. In their encounter with Haileybury on Agar's Plough, Eton won by five wickets. The visitors got 125 all out and Eton 128 for five. Of the Eton opening pair, Barton played a sound innings for his 40, but Colman only collected 8. Regimental cricket, like the country house kind, is always pleasant, and the Hampshire Hogs and the Dépôt of the Hampshire Regiment had a friendly battle at Winchester, and the future farming specialists who live at Cirencester took on the county "Gypsies" on the College ground



THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE XI. WHICH BEAT THE SAPPERS

The recent encounter took place at Burton Court, Chelsea, and the Guardsmen, mostly 1st Battalion Grenadiers, won by seven wickets—178 for 3, to the Royal Engineers' 167 all gone!

The names in the group are: (l. to r., standing) Drummer Crisp, Guardsman Rose, Cpl. Day, P. Britten, T. Tufnell, Guardsman Horner, and E. Carter (umpire); (sitting) A. N. Boyd, Sir John Child, T. F. Winnington (captain), Major C. M. D. Venables-Llewellyn, and P. F. Thorne

IN view of the present situation on this planet, is it not time that we heard something more from the British Inter-Planetary Society, which a short time ago was discussing week-end trips to the moon per 80-ft. cracker to carry three persons at a flat-rate return ticket of £250,000? Now, if ever, seems to be their moment, for this earth is rapidly becoming a place quite unfit for the *Lebensraum* of even people who are not heroes. Apparently, the explosion necessary to start this rocket would blast at least a dozen square miles of the earth to blazes: but why should that be any kind of a deterrent, for anyone could name dozens and dozens of spots which are long overdue for blasting. A Russian dentist has just invented false teeth for cows, so why should anyone gibe at this Inter-Planetary rocket scheme and suggest that it is fantastic? Incidentally, false teeth for cows is not a new idea. Some of them have had them for years and years and years.

* * *

Our colloquialism "Go to Halifax!" has acquired a new and more pungent meaning. It might be as



ONE SUMMER NIGHT IN NEW YORK

The quintette is (l. to r.) Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., Miss Polly Peabody, who is Caressa Crosby of stage fame and a daughter of Mrs. William H. Jacob; Mr. Jerome Zerbe, the crack photographer; lovely Miss Brenda Frazier, New York's crack débutante; and Mr. Bruce Cabot, a successful film-star and a cadet of an ancient New England family

Pictures in the Fire

well for the comfort (and safety) of the Usurpers, who have at the moment got their bits between their teeth, if they realised as soon as ever possible that this recent weighty utterance was not "ballyhoo." We can safely leave that to the two leading litterateurs who have now superseded the gentlemen who first appointed them. The two New Leaders, so some very recent information from the country of one of them says, are a sore anxiety to the sportsmen whose places they have grabbed.

* * *

Vis-à-vis liars, this little story, which is quite true, also new, may be deemed a bit apposite. Two lovelies were busy chewing up their respective spouses. One said: "Darling, they say your Charles is the biggest liar in Europe, Asia, Africa or America!" "Oh, no, Angel," said the other one, "surely your Jimmy knocks spots out of him?" "Possibly," said the first darling, "but, you see, Jimmy never even expects to be believed!"

* * *

We are a people which take a lot of rousing to an appreciation of any situation, but the quicker that we wake up to the fact that we are as infested by Gestapo agents as America is, the better for our



Arthur Owen
LADY FORTESCUE AND MRS. OLIVER
GILBEY AT ALDERSHOT SHOW

Lord Fortescue is Colonel-Commandant of the H.A.C. and C.O. 96th Devon Yeomanry. The weather was unkind, but the show excellent, with a very big entry, an audience to match and the presence of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester to enrich it still further

Poole, Dublin
AT THE N.S.P.C.C. BALL IN DUBLIN

Mrs. Desmond Collins with the Marquess of Titchfield, M.F.H., at this highly successful ball in aid for which Lord Iveagh very kindly lent his Dublin town house. Lord Titchfield is chairman of the Central Executive Committee N.S.P.C.C., and also joint-Master of the Rufford, as so many know

By "SABRETACHE"



ALSO AT THE ALDERSHOT HORSE AND HOUND SHOW

Mr. J. A. D'Avigdor-Goldsmid, who is Adjutant of the 4th-7th Dragoon Guards, proceeding to the scene of hostilities with Miss Selkirk Wells. More pictures of this admirable show will be found on another page in this week's issue of this paper

common safety. The happenings of the moment ought to demonstrate to even those who are solid bone from the neck upwards what is afoot. There can be only one result, and if the world is stark staring mad it will risk it. If it is not mad, then it will sound the halt. September was a period of Arcadian serenity compared to the present moment. The object of all war being (a) to compel your enemy to lengthen the line of his communications, and (b) to fight upon fronts widely divided (by sea, if possible), a measure of admiration for the adroitness of the Directing Head of this White War cannot be withheld.

* * *

A lady who lives on the Rhine, and whose family tree dates back to about the time when Charlemagne was at his peak, has written to someone in this country saying that the only news that anyone gets in the Vaterland nowadays is that which is ladled out by the Minister of Propaganda; who, so she says, is not liked at all and is rated a peculiarly bad picker. One sentence in the lady's letter is this: "They must have something they want to conceal if they are so frightened." I suppose that that must be so. If you are afraid of outside opinion and criticism it argues that you must have a pretty rotten case.

The lady also says that she and her friends hardly dare indulge in one of their giddiest relaxations—they call it a *Kaffee Klatsche*—we should call it a Hen Tea and Tearing to Tatters party. The reason is that no one at these entertainments dare talk about anything but the weather, and that only with the utmost discretion, for the Gestapo agent is everywhere. She says: "I suppose some hidden political meaning could be read into 'perfectly bloody day'; if it goes on like this we shan't have any



Stuart

THE ROYAL ENGINEERS' CRICKET SIDE

For the enemy, the Household Brigade, who beat them decisively in the recent match played at Burton Court, Chelsea, see picture on opposite page. The Guards' side won very comfortably by 7 wickets

The names in the above group are: (l. to r., standing) P. D. Stenning, J. H. M. Lewis, Sgt. Fahy, Lance-Cpl. Storey, D. G. M. Fletcher, Cpl. Baker; (sitting) P. L. Bradfer-Lawrence, Major H. M. Whitcombe, Captain E. S. de Brett, W. T. Wilkinson, and H. S. M. Hogg

change!" It does not appear to be a peculiarly comfortable state of things, and it is hardly to be wondered that people feel a bit jumpy. I suppose if you said: "What a mangy little monkey he is!" you would be in a concentration camp before *Frühstück* the next morning.

And yet before all this, Germany was a very pleasant spot in which to wander, and I think everyone's experience has been that the people, especially in the south, are very kindly and simple. It seems such a pity that a handful of too ambitious persons should have been able to alter all this. In Berlin, so another correspondent tells someone, they hear nothing excepting that England is out to starve them again and kill all the women and children! They believe it because it is repeated day in day out. Any assurances to the contrary are blacked out. My informant says further, that it is only the German papers that breathe all this fire and brimstone whilst the man and woman in the street go about on their lawful occasions quite unperturbed. They are (so she says) very tired of all this abuse of Mr. Chamberlain, who is their idol "and angel of peace." (I quote!)



Poole, Dublin

ALSO AT THE N.S.P.C.C. BALL HELD IN DUBLIN

Major Sir Nevile Wilkinson, who is the Ulster King-of-Arms and the builder of the famous Titomas Palace, with Mrs. Cecil Hodson, who is a sister-in-law of Major Sir Edmond Hodson. This ball celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the N.S.P.C.C.



MORE FAMOUS NEW YORK NIGHT REVELLERS

This picture was taken in the Brazilian Restaurant at the World's Fair, and the "celebs" assisting in the balancing act are Gladys Swarthout, Valentina, and Grace Moore, whose voice London heard so recently in that disappointing operatic film, *Louise*



C. AUBREY SMITH WELCOMES CAPTAIN
H. R. G. KINAHAN, OF THE "ORION"

During the visit of H.M.S. "Orion" to Los Angeles, the captain and officers were entertained at a dance given by the British United Services Club at the Ambassador Hotel, and the above photograph shows C. Aubrey Smith greeting Captain H. R. G. Kinahan. Aubrey Smith's latest picture, *The Sun Never Sets*, is now being shown at the Leicester Square Theatre, a story woven around the Consular Service. Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., and Basil Rathbone play the two leading parts

A MEMBER of a darts team was presented by his wife with twins, their first contribution to the population. His wife persuaded him to take the new arrivals out for an airing one Sunday morning, and as he slunk along, hoping none of his darts friends would see him, he was embarrassed to hear the voice of a fellow member calling across the road:

"I see you've got your double, Jim. Now you can start scoring!"

* * *

A schoolmistress had been training her pupils in fire drill, and at last they seemed perfect.

"Now," she said one day, "what would you do if I told you the building was on fire?"

The correct answer came like one voice.

A few days after a lecturer visited the school. The teacher, introducing him with a beaming smile, said: "Now, children, what would you do if I were to tell you that Dr. Knowall was going to lecture here to-day?"

The reply came promptly:

"We would rise at once, put away our books, then quietly and without disorder file into the street!"

* * *

Two cowboys from Texas went for a ride on a bus. One wanted to sit inside, but the other declared he wanted to see what it was like on top. So up he went, only to return almost immediately, looking like death.

"What's the matter?" asked his friend. "Are you ill?"

"No," came the reply, "but it's dangerous up there—there's no driver!"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A very fat man was passing through a street near Covent Garden, where the pavements are narrow and vans and lorries are parked with wings overhanging the kerb.

Suddenly a porter came along carrying two crates of lettuces on his head. When he met the fat man both stood and looked at each other, but the fat man made no attempt to allow the porter to get by. The latter tried to pass, but gave it up, and finally squeezed through the lorries. Then he turned and said:

"After all, guv'nor, I'm carrying two crates of lettuces and the man with a load has right of way."

The fat one glared at him and then said, angrily: "Man with a load . . . two crates of lettuces," and, placing his right hand in the region of his waistcoat, asked: "What the blazes do you think this is—a bunch of watercress?"

* * *

The soldier, on route march, fell out exhausted. He sat down by the roadside and took off his boots.

"How far is it back to the camp?" he asked a passing yokel.

"About fower mile as the crow flies," answered the yokel.

"Aye," said the soldier, with feeling, "but s'pose the crow 'ad to walk and 'ad a blinkin' rifle an' pack an' a sore heel—ow far then?"



Photos.: Hyman Fink
ALICE FAZE AND MICKEY ROONEY À DEUX AT THE
VICTOR HUGO CAFÉ

This spot, which is a great favourite with the film colony, was the scene of a recent night out for these two clever young actors. Alice Faye will be on view over here shortly in *Rose of Washington Square* as the Rose of the title. Those who know say that Al Jolson makes a very successful come-back in this picture, in which he does a lot of blueing and deep purpling. Mickey Rooney, last seen in *Love Finds Andy Hardy*, is again teaming up with Judy Garland in *Babes in Arms*. He is shortly to star in a film to be made over here called *A Yank at Eton*, which should lead to endless possibilities.

Little Tommy looked very dishevelled when he turned up at school.

"Tommy," said the teacher, reproachfully, "why didn't you comb your hair this morning?"

"No comb," replied Tommy, laconically.

"Then why didn't you borrow a comb from your father?"

"No hair."

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY



Champions of to-morrow, photographed on the G.R.A. Staffordshire breeding grounds. For each tiny puppy it is kindergarten. Untouched by human hands, watched over with kindly understanding, he is free to develop physically, enjoying his play on the wild heathered moorlands.

Not until the time comes for him to transfer to the famous G.R.A. kennels at Northaw, Middlesex, does the puppy's "higher education" begin . . . wearing a dog's collar, learning to lead, breaking from the trap—in fact, learning to race. Gradually, in this great school of experience, he develops into a polished racing greyhound flashing round the White City Racecourse at nearly 40 m.p.h.



THE JAGUARS WIN THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

Lady Louis Mountbatten presents the Cup at Roehampton after the Jaguars had beaten her husband's Adsdean team 8 to 1—a quite unaccountable margin. The names in the picture (l. to r.) read: the Hon. Keith Rous, Captain Humphrey Guinness, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mr. E. C. F. Nutting, and Mr. J. W. Malet

MEN laugh and joke while the cup runs o'er, then comes the reckoning and they laugh no more! A horrible and depressing thought: but so true! A vigilant person who saw these International matches wrote me like this—

There was a poor attendance at the first match and I told Peter Vischer that he and his scribes were to blame, as they have consistently written the British team down and not given them a break. Consequently everyone expects 'em to be trounced and no one will go; so truthful a prophecy is "O.K." for political writers but boloney for sports chaps. Ballyhoo and optimism bring your gate.

Even Blankullah cheered for America, and at half-time I refused to stand her a brandy for her disloyalty to the British side. However, she helped herself, and so saw what she called "lots of beautiful ponies, but damned if I know which goal belongs to which. Oh, how I love that purple pony belonging to Tammy Hitchcock! What's its name? Black Beauty?"

* * *

It is to be feared that this is all true; but why blame Peter Vischer? He has, I see, just bought *Town and Country*, and I feel that that is all to the good for that already admirable paper. But Vischer is a polo critic who does not talk through his hat, and I do not see why he should have said anything other than what he knew was the truth. We in England also knew the class of this American team, and some of us (even this humble one) did not believe that our own had won a trial gallop good enough upon which to bet. We also knew all about our ill-luck where the ponies were concerned. The only thing we did not know was about Aidan Roark's "grumbling appendix." That came out afterwards. We know now that it was a tactical error to play him and that we should have done better with John Lakin. It is so easy to be wise after the event. The short story is that we were beaten by a better team which was better mounted. They say we might have won that first match. I wonder! Anyway, we did not, and those four missed penalty shots may have cooked our goose. "Balding has lost his length." "Balding missed each one of those penalties" . . . and so on and so forth. *Vœ victis!*

* * *

And now comes the reckoning! Are we going to come out on the right side of the ledger? I am told not so badly as some people fear, even though the gate at Meadow Brook

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

was only about 14,000 instead of the hoped-for 40,000. Whether the American Press is to blame or is not to blame, the fact remains that, from one cause or another, the New York World's Fair, or such like, the gate was about two-thirds less than expected. On top of this, 41 of the British team's ponies made £11,700, and again on top of this, there was the following in the communiqué issued from polo G.H.Q. in May—

As far as the guarantees are concerned, a sum of £16,900 has up to date been guaranteed by 76 guarantors, and this, added to the £12,000 balance in the Westchester Cup Fund, makes a total of £28,900. Owing to the extra expenses entailed through the practice of the team in California and the wintering of the ponies in America, it is essential to obtain another £5000 of guarantors in order to be on the safe side, since the money from the Gate and sale of the ponies will not be received until towards the end of June. It is hoped that new guarantors of £100, or over, will come forward to help us, and will communicate with me as soon as possible.

It is, therefore, improbable that there will be any profit in it.

* * *

The Argentine ponies bought for our team did not come up to expectations, and a Sure Hand has even gone so far as to assure me that they will be a definite debit. This may be putting things a bit too high, but I do happen to know that there were many good ponies in England which might have been had, perhaps even for the asking—at any rate for the buying, and personally I believe in patronage of the home industries. Some other people say that the badly-paid subaltern must be thought about, and that the Argentine can supply him with something cheap and good enough for his purpose. That, of course, is true, but we happen to be talking about the International class of pony, and he is never very cheap. Some Jeremiahs go so far as to say that this is the end of International polo. If this is so, this 1939 defeat will not be the cause.

* * *



ANOTHER SNAPSHOT

Lady Rosemary Eliot, who is engaged to be married to the winning Jaguars' No. 1—Mr. E. C. F. Nutting, son of the Quorn Master; and the principal Jaguar, the Hon. Keith Rous, an ex-sailor and a tremendously improved polo player

In the meanwhile, even with the excitements of the Inter-Regimental and the Championship behind us, we have been having quite a bit of quiet fun all by ourselves, and the Junior Championship at Roehampton has been the principal medium. The most interesting result, and, the best contest in the whole shooting match, was the first semi-final, in which Adsdean knocked out Someries House by 7 to 3. I fancy it surprised most people. It was a victory for good drill. Here are the goal values: Adsdean—J. P. Robinson (5); M. Samuel (2); H. G. Morrison (6); Lord Louis Mountbatten (5). Someries House—Sir H. Wernher (3); K. J. Price (2); G. E. Prior-Palmer (5); D. Dawnay (6). There was a weak spot on both sides, but the margin of victory was more than it looked as if it ought to have been. It is not possible to draw any comparison with Adsdean's good performance in the Championship, because the team was not the same, P. W. Dollar being in it instead of M. Samuel; but the observation about the drill still stands. In the final, Adsdean fell to bits most unaccountably and were beaten flat by the Jaguars 8 to 1. It is as well to remark that the winning side included one H. P. Guinness, who, as he is going at this moment, is worth at least two men and three-quarters.



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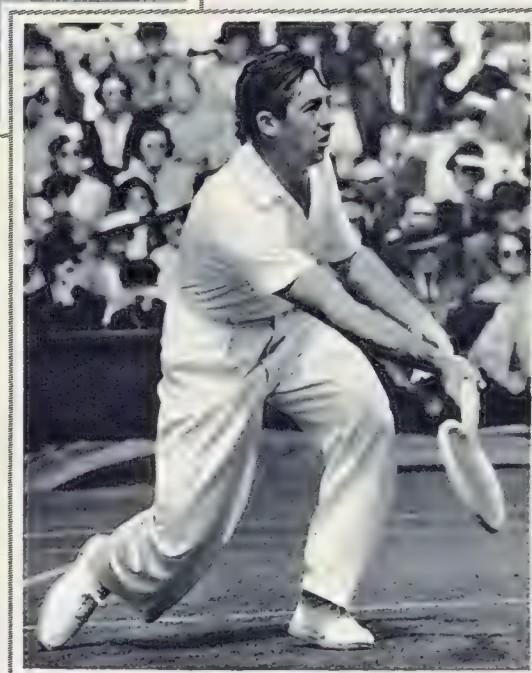


MRS. S. P. FABYAN (U.S.A.) BEATING MRS. D. L. LITTLE AT WIMBLEDON

An arresting picture taken during the fourth round of the Women's Singles when the former Miss Sarah Palfrey beat our former champion 6-1, 3-6, 6-2. Attractive Mrs. Fabyan reached the semi-final round at the expense of the French champion, Mme. Mathieu.

DANZIG apart, Wimbledon opened under a cloud, and it was very noticeable during the first few days that the attendance had dropped considerably, even on last year, which was £3000 down in turnstile takings on the summer before. If this goes on at the same rate of depression, it looks as though a few summers hence (that is, if Europe has not anyway already gone up in smoke) the goose will have laid its last golden egg. And then? An open championship at last? The prospect really does seem to be drawing a little closer. Meanwhile, the Wimbledon Committee has no one to blame except themselves for the undoubtedly decline in interest. Had von Cramm been playing, I do not doubt that you would have seen a renaissance in enthusiasm. At Queen's, he received an ovation on his victory. The crowd do not readily forget their real favourites, whatever their rôle in life.

It is true that the Americans have provided a fresh contingent of players this year, but none of them are giants in the tradition of Budge and Vines, with the possible exception of Smith, who has been dubbed the dark horse of the tournament because, unranked in America and unseeded over here, he proceeded to get to the last eight with a magnificent victory against Menzel *en route*. This was the best match of the first week. All the same, despite his great height and his tremendous cannon-ball service, neither Smith nor any of his compatriots possess the personality of Tilden, though it amused me to see the way that Bobby Riggs used the Centre Court, with chewing-gum unself-consciousness, as a practice ground during the first week. He has not allowed the atmosphere of Wimbledon to un-Americanise him in the very least, and for that I am truly thankful. We first made friends in Nassau, and it was pleasant to renew our last conversation where it had ended. Then his parting words had been to me: "I am coming over to England next year to



E. T. COOKE (U.S.A.),
THE CONQUEROR OF "BUNNY" AUSTIN

The match which destroyed Britain's last hope of the Men's Singles has been not inaptly described as "forty minutes' massacre." The score justifies the description, 6-3, 6-0, 6-1; figures that are far too bad, as we know, to be true. H. W. Austin had not given himself much more than a week's practice

regret, dropped her last year's partner, Billie Yorke, because they lost in the final . . . and gone elsewhere for honey? Well, well. . . . "Jedra" kept on giving frightened, doe-like glances at her companion in misfortune each time her forehand refused to function; but it was nothing to the looks of pleading regret that Von Metaxa directed at his partner when he consistently lost his service in their doubles match against the scratch American combination of Smith and McNeill.

Let us return to some other figures in the tennis façade. There was a newcomer to the tournament who hails from Budapest, is scarcely twenty, and gave an admirable account of himself in his first-day match with "Bunny" Austin.

By the way, wasn't it asking for tragedy to put Jean Nicoll for her very first match at Wimbledon straight on to the Centre Court? Wouldn't it have been far wiser from every point of view to allow her to play herself in out in the country, battling to find the comparative privacy of the yew hedges? All the same, nothing should be allowed

(Continued on page 92)

LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN

see what your girls are like." You felt that Wimbledon was simply an incident *en route*. I met him outside the entrance to the Royal Box without his usual smile. The weather? No; Bobby shook his head. He had been warned about the climate. Then what was the matter? Had not Teddy Tinling done his duty and looked after him with his usual ubiquitous charm and precision allied? Oh, everything was swell—except one thing. He had not seen a single pretty girl yet. Tactfully I changed the conversation. Under his arm he was carrying a book to rest his nerves during the periods of waiting between matches. I expected a thriller. I was surprised. The title was "The Landlady's Daughter." Would you say that this was one more example of the escape motif that is the dominating factor in modern life?

To return to the tennis itself, in his match with Shakes, Bobby stopped to have a chat every time they crossed over, which was greatly to the liking of the spectators in the vicinity of where I was sitting. I heard a woman exclaim: "Thank goodness they are behaving like human beings at last on the Centre Court!" This was the same spectator who, as she settled herself on her soft seat for sixpence, said

sadly to her neighbour: "My dear, I am told that Mrs. Moody positively won't appear this afternoon." "Or ever again," I wanted to add. Still, all the other die-hards were as much in evidence as ever, and Jacobs, Sperling, "Jedra," Marble and Mathieu came safely through to the last eight, though the Madame had, to say the least of it, an unnerving encounter with Hungary's No. 1, Miss C. Somogyi, who, despite a garden-party serve and a curious lack of mobility for someone so slight and graceful, succeeded in taking the second set with some untakeable angled shots that looked as though they had come off the handle but were doubtless intended, despite the sour looks with which they were received. However, I saw the Madame on the Sunday between the two weeks enjoying a Pimm No. 1 at lunch at Great Fosters, greeting her friends with the greatest *bonhomie*, so I assume from that that she was not unduly downcast by her *débâcle* in the first round of the Ladies' Doubles, when she was whisked off the court by Kay Stammers and Mrs. Hammersley in less time than it takes to make a scene. Could it be, I wondered, that there is a law of retribution in life, after all? For had she not, without a word of warning or

THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

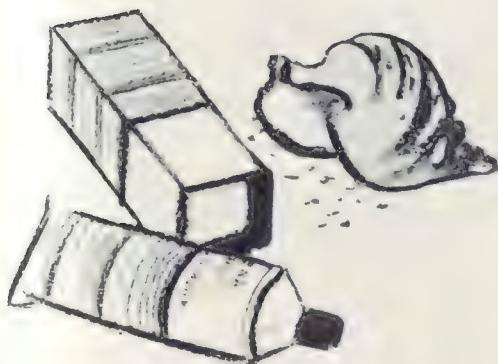


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PAUL SALTPEETER'S PARTY

By CHARLES BIRKIN

PAUL SALTPEETER was definitely a pest. He toiled not, neither did he spin. His days were spent at art galleries or at débutante charity committees. He had no knowledge nor appreciation of art, and no interest in, nor appreciation of, débutantes.

Paul Salt peter was pink and plump and extremely persevering. He had just sufficient money to lead this aimless life, and it was his habit to hint to newcomers that there were large, but indefinite, sums behind him lying ready for investment in any enterprise that he might consider worthy. The tough ladies who organised benefits and musical soirées had long since seen through these pretences, but they permitted him to continue to wander among them, since, occasionally, he bought a few tickets for their projects. Further than that, no attention was ever paid to him, and he remained unmoved by the fact that the greater proportion of his acquaintances stared quite frankly through his outstretched and greeting hand.

Paul Salt peter had tried in turn to storm every citadel—social, theatrical, musical and Bohemian—and had been repulsed by each with firmness or brutality in accordance with the degree of his persistence. He was, it is true, a hardened campaigner, but gradually there arose in all these diverse worlds a new generation who knew him not, and who determined to tolerate no longer the imposition of his presence. However, this, they soon found, was more difficult than they had at first imagined. His skin was, apparently, bullet-proof, so impervious was he to any gibes or taunts or rudenesses that might be launched at him. And so time, as is its habit, marched on, and Paul still remained a beggar on the fringes of a dozen Meccas.

Now a brilliant young photographer was making his name in fashionable circles by composing studies of his sitters that expressed their auras as well as their features; indeed, in a good many cases the auras were definitely clearer. He possessed a merry wit, and was, of course, an American. He had particularly keen feelings on the question of Paul's general undesirability, and determined, once and for all, to rid his life of this pestilential incubus, for, during his early days, he had on several occasions been victimised, and these unfortunate experiences still rankled. He was almost too good-looking; his name was Allan Snow and his vogue was at its height.

Accordingly, the next time that Allan saw Paul he gave him the shock of his life by threading his way through a throng of enthusiastic spectators, who were crowding the newest exhibition of the works of a fashionable artist, and clapping him heartily on the back. Paul, extremely startled by such a demonstration, shot him a suspicious glance.

"Paul, my dear fellow," Allan greeted him, "I'm delighted to see you again. Where have you been hiding yourself all these weeks?"

Paul blushed with pleasure. "I've been around, Allan. I'd wondered what had happened to you, as a matter of fact. I thought I'd be sure to see you at Dolly's yesterday."

He was pleasantly conscious of the interest this conversation was arousing in their immediate vicinity.

"No, I couldn't manage it. I'm working too hard these days—but why not come round to the studio one evening, I'd like your opinion on my stuff. How about a drink to-morrow?"

Paul wrinkled his forehead as if trying to memorise his manifold engagements. His fat, bejewelled fingers toyed with the pearl and platinum watch-chain that spanned his protuberant paunch.

"Thursday—let me see. . . . Yes, I'd love to pop in for a moment."

This encounter had been watched and overheard by several of Allan's friends, who were quite naturally amazed and not a little annoyed by his inexplicable behaviour.

"Allan has obviously gone off his head," remarked Miss Nadya Flyn sadly, but audibly, to her friend, Lady Cokeby. "We must all be exceptionally nice to him in the future."

"He's a dear boy," that lady replied; "so delightfully original—never lets one down."

After which Paul spent a very happy half-hour inquiring of those he met if he would be seeing them "at the studio" on the following evening. At last, he felt, his worth was being appreciated. And his bumpituousness knew no bounds.

Paul was both flattered and disappointed to find himself the sole guest when he arrived, only a little early, at Allan's. He admired his host's work with his customary gushing enthusiasm, suggested that he himself might prove an interesting subject, and accepted the numerous "White Lady" cocktails that were pressed upon him. Allan exercised all his practised and considerable charm, and it was with sincere reluctance that Paul finally made up his mind that the hour of parting had arrived.

Allan accompanied him to the door, and added, as he said good-bye, "By the way, Bruce Stuart is having a party on Monday. Are you going to it?"

"No; as a matter of fact I don't think that Bruce likes me very much," Paul confessed, which, to put it mildly, was a gross understatement of that gentleman's feelings.

"My dear fellow, I'm sure you're mistaken. You're altogether too modest. You mustn't underrate yourself, you know. Bruce was singing your praises only the other day. If you'd like to come along I'll drop him a word; but don't say too much about it to people. He's trying to keep it down to his intimate friends. It's going to be"—Allan lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper—"nudist."

"I won't breathe a word," Paul answered delightedly. "I think it's sweet of you, Allan."

Back in his flat he settled down by his telephone and irritated all those who would talk to him by veiled inquiries and innuendoes concerning their plans for Monday night. He'd show Nadya and the rest of them!

On the Monday afternoon he was growing rather anxious about his invitation, when Allan called him. Would he be at Bruce's house at eleven o'clock? Shoes and socks, overcoat and top hat. There would, he added, be a lot of lovely girls there, and Bruce was looking forward to his company.

At the appointed hour, and feeling no end of a dog, Paul duly presented himself at the given address. He was somewhat self-conscious about his thickening waist line, but found comfort in the thought that, apart from Hollywood, an Adonis was the exception rather than the rule. The door was opened by Bruce's butler, Blake, a burly and impassive-faced ex-guardsman. With an intriguer's wink Paul handed him his hat and coat. He received no answering smile. Blake was evidently too good at his job to relax, he thought.

"This way, sir, if you please."

Paul followed the man's broad back down the hall. He could hear, from a room ahead, the sound of music and merriment. The party was evidently well under way.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

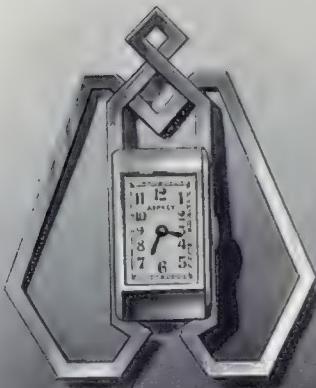
"Mr. Paul Salt peter."

Blake flung open the door. "Mr. Paul Salt peter," he announced.

Paul entered the room. In it there were about forty people. He saw at once Nadya Flyn and Violet Cokeby. They were talking to their host and a young man who was Paul's chief abomination. His laughter froze on his lips as he realised that the guests were all in full evening dress, while of Master Snow there was no sign at all!

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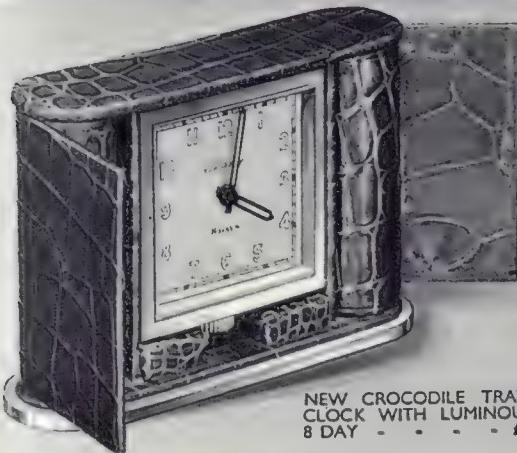
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H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIE AND SEÑOR VILLA VERDE



LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN CONSULTS HER FATHER, LORD CARISBROOKE



HEAD STUDY: MRS. CHARLES SWEENEY LOOKS IN ON LADY DUNN AND MR. M. O'BRIEN

CANDIDATES FOR FIZZ:
COLONEL BATTYE AND MISS SYBIL ALEXANDER

The eagerness registered above by Colonel Percy Battye and Miss Sybil Alexander was caused by a nearby champagne fountain which contributed to the party spirit. So, as ever, did Mrs. Charles Sweeny, looking delightful and having a word with friends in all directions

THE INFANTA MARIA CRISTINA AND SEÑOR MARCHESI
ON THE RIGHT: PRINCESS NATASHA BAGRATION
Photographs: Swaabe

LORD RONALDSHAY AND LADY DASHWOOD

Lord Zetland's elder son had supper with Sir John Dashwood's wife and looked brown and fit enough to suggest that he was not long back from training with his Yeomanry, the Yorkshire Hussars. The Infanta Maria Cristina, for whom, see extreme left, danced with great spirit throughout the evening and obviously enjoyed herself. Princess Natasha Bagration, whose ancestors ruled over Georgia for many centuries, and who now spends much of her time in England, patronised many of the amusing side-shows at this good "in-aid-of." These included the fine old indoor sport of penny rolling which particularly appealed to Prince Vsevelod of Russia and his bride, the former Lady Mary Lygon

This England . . .



Newton Flotman—Norfolk

SPEED the plough . . . once more the cry is heard in our land ; yet are we so sure now what it means ? More corn, says the townsman. Perhaps—in good time. But when grassland has been ploughed (and mayhap cross-ploughed) and harrowed and made clean, some soil will prove poor and some over-rich. First crops, then, must be chosen to suit the soil—not us ; linseed perhaps, or cabbages, or roots. For we are ploughing up not to grow more "corn" but to put more land in good heart against our need. Slow—yet so do we come by the truest riches, in patient labour and ancient skill. This way alone will you have the perfect seed-bed for the golden barley, the richest malt for the brewery, and the re-captured sunshine of our Worthington—to put Englishmen in good heart.

. . . by Worthington

AIR EDDIES : OLIVER STEWART

Short and Sweet.

FOR all those who work in words and who have sounds and syllables in their hair, the inevitable judgment on Mrs. Oswald Short's party at her Hampstead house was that it was all too short and yet not Short enough. It was an aeronautical *quatorze juillet*, full of light and laughter, and if Oswald Short's parrot did not learn a lot more than he ever knew before about aviation, he is a less astute bird than I took him for. There was a marquee in the garden, and although there was a spot of rain at first, the sun came out later and gave the scene full value. It was appropriate that Mr. and Mrs. Handley Page should have been there—with daughters—for the names of Handley Page and of Short are linked with strongly individualist types of aircraft, both distinctively English, and they express in some ways the continuity of aviation development in this country.

One of the first float seaplanes I ever saw—at Yarmouth before the war—was a Short, and it was during December 1911—as Mr. C. F. Snowden Gamble pointed out in his book, "The Story of a North Sea Air Station"—that Mr. Oswald Short and Lieutenant A. M. Longmore were making experiments with various types of floats and flotation-bags for aeroplanes, the object being to guard against total loss in the event of a forced descent on the sea. Here is another point about the work of Short Brothers, also taken from a book by Mr. Snowden Gamble: "Among the machines provided by Sir Francis McClean for naval pilots in 1911 and 1912 was a Short biplane which was the first twin-engined machine that ever flew. It had two 50-h.p. Gnome engines, one behind the other. The forward one drove through chains a pair of tractor airscrews, and the rear one was coupled direct to a propellor." Of another of those early Short machines, rather similar to this one, Mr. Snowden Gamble recalls: "It was known as the 'Vacuum Cleaner' because the draught from the propellor was said to 'pull the hairs out of a fur coat.'" It is as well, at a time when the continued existence of the British Empire may depend upon air power, to be reminded occasionally of the work of the pioneers. Perhaps it is partly because the pioneers are modest people that there is sometimes a tendency to overlook the historical weight and impact of their work.

The Light Fetish.

These practice black-outs—one of them has been planned for this coming week-end in the Shires—will do us all good quite apart from their national defence value. We tend to rely too much upon artificial aids to existence. The idea that every street everywhere must be a blaze of light has led to quite a lot of trouble in the past for, unless the lighting is extremely well arranged, it tends to produce a patchiness which is more dangerous than darkness. The wearing of spectacles is another artificiality which has been cultivated to an unnecessary extent. When eyes are over-tired and headaches come, there is only one real cure, the most difficult one: rest. But instead, the fake cure of spectacles is applied and the fatigue is sidetracked to some other part.

From the air the sheer waste power which goes nightly to heaven in the way of unnecessary light is vividly seen. Thousands of people could be clothed and fed if that power were conserved. Cities blaze skywards like enormous, but inefficient, searchlights. Perhaps these forthcoming black-outs will teach the value of light economy. They should certainly teach its defensive value.

Le Touquet Show.

This week-end also, I believe, the French Air Force is to show some of its latest aeroplanes at Le Touquet, and Sir Kingsley Wood is likely to go over there to see them. It is perhaps, appropriate, that Le Touquet should thus become the meeting-place of French and British military aviation, for it has so long been the meeting-place of French and British holiday-makers.

By
OLIVER STEWART

French aircraft production is getting into its stride with remarkable rapidity. As ever when they really get worked up about anything, the French are showing great capacity for organisation and hard work, and there seems little doubt that the combined aircraft output of the French and British



AT THE NAVY'S NEWEST AIR STATION, LEE-ON-SOLENT

Rear-Admiral R. Bell Davies, V.C., D.S.O. (left), and another officer whose name was not signalled. Rear-Admiral Bell Davies has been placed in charge of all the Naval air stations, of which there are now six



MISS JOHANNE CLOHERTY

Who is the Chairman of the Ball Committee of the National Women's Air Reserve who are holding a supper-dance very shortly. The N.W.A.R. is a voluntary organisation which is training women as ferry and ambulance pilots, ground engineers and wireless operators for service in an emergency

that the Civil Air Guard work gives them a chance to try. The Civil Air Guard is enabling a lot of flying to be done with light machines and it has created a demand for such machines. In my opinion they are as well worth developing as big ones, although less immediately remunerative. For whatever happens to the world, aviation will go on and will develop, and the day must come when the aeroplane will be a transport vehicle first and all the time. Then the need for the satisfactory light aeroplane will be urgent and the company that can meet it will reap the benefit.

I rather favour the tricycle under-carriage, two-control type of open aeroplane with side-by-side seating; although in saying "open" I know I am cutting across accepted opinion. Most people believe that the open aeroplane is disappearing even for the smallest sizes. They may be right; but if prices could be got down, I feel that the open machine might well have a run of many years' popularity.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES
1936

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M.
KING OF SWEDEN



Quality
Yells..

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY



Photo: Howard Barrett

THE NORTHUMBERLAND HUSSARS NOW IN CAMP AT WELBECK

In common with practically all the Yeomanry and Territorial Army, the Northumberland Hussars, together with the Sherwood Rangers, are now in camp for their summer training, which is being held this year at Welbeck. The former are one of the few who still keep their horses. L. to r. (seated) Lieut. D. J. Cowen, Capt. J. C. Cookson, Capt. M. O. Pease, Major the Viscount Ridley, Major the Lord Ravensworth, Capt. and Adjutant C. D. Blackett (The Bays), Lieut.-Col. R. Straker, Major P. I. Pease, Major T. Eustace-Smith, Capt. R. W. Rogerson, Capt. D. Barnett, Lieut. J. D. Cowen, Lieut. J. M. Pumphrey; (standing); 2nd-Lieut. J. R. Barrett, Lieut. and Quartermaster F. E. Davis, Lieut. the Lord Hugh Percy, 2nd-Lieut. A. H. W. Norton, Lieut. R. I. G. Taylor, Lieut. G. S. May, Lieut. W. A. Benson, Lieut. C. Bewicke, 2nd-Lieut. J. N. Milburn, Lieut. J. Eustace-Smith, Lieut. R. A. Barnett, Lieut. F. G. Slater (R.A.M.C.), Lieut. W. H. Williamson, Lieut. R. G. Browne-Swinburne

Badgetry on Board.

WITH nearly fifty members of the Junior Car Club and their cars on board R.M.S. "Mauretania," this floating mansion is now nearing New York. We have not seen the vehicles that are to take us over some 2000 miles of American roads in little over a week, since they were deftly lowered into the tummy of the vessel. But they are a representative array; a brace of Rolls, a Bentley, Lagonda, Humber, two S.S., Mercédès-Benz and Buick among the big stuff, with Rover, Lanchester, Vauxhall, Triumph and Wolseley as typical examples of British family cars.

Their owners come from England, Scotland and Wales, while one car's crew hails from Rumania. It is a pity that our "carvalcade" does not include the best types of small and nippy car such as M.G., which, in view of Major Gardner's recent expedition into the 200-m.p.h. zone, would have been certain to create immense interest on the other side. A car that will receive a lot of attention is Commander Ayres' Humber, for its radiator, like the bosom of a much-bejewelled lady, carries many decorations in the form of badges. There must be nearly forty of them altogether, their display indicating: A, the car's or owner's globe-trotting rambles; B, a right to invite advice or assistance from any of the badged organisations; and C, a £40 or £50 a year subscription roll. None of these manifestations was properly appreciated by a film-star friend of the owner who, on being shown over the car and arriving at the badgetry end, exclaimed, "How frightful it looks, but how brave you must be!"

In "Mauretania."

The new "Mauretania" competes favourably with the mythical land of Ruritania in the matter of *de luxe* existence. To most of our motoring-party life on a luxury liner is a new experience, the more memorable and glamorous because we are enjoying it for the first time. Never again, however many times we may cross the Atlantic, will experiences seem so vivid, so vital, or so varied. And our experiences are varied, for while the more case-hardened of us take to the round of meals, deck sports, swimming, dancing and endless tittle-tattle, others with tenderer insides, after making a bold but wan appearance at the start, have not been seen or heard of since. Poor people! What a lot they've

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

missed. Some put up a gallant struggle, being torn between the pangs of *mal de mer* and the will to make whoopee. Most human was the picture of a lady wrestling with the intricacies of a lovely evening frock while repressing with an iron determination the natural results of a very gentle undulation. Alas! after a long struggle nature asserted herself, and the frock, accessories and owner retired to their respective resting-places for an indefinite period.

Mark you, up to the time of writing the sea has behaved itself, as indeed it should on such an important occasion as a maiden voyage. So what would happen to some of our party were she to throw a tantrum is best left to the imagination. We, more fortunate ones, seem to do nothing most elegantly. True, every two or three hours there's something to eat, and the time between meals and snacks can always be filled in with drinks. But all this constant replenishment needs something to offset its effects. So we walk round and round or up and down the immense promenades, play deck tennis, shuffle-board, or swim. The pool where your wandering scribe submerges twice daily has a Roman bath atmosphere. The water is warm, salt and extremely buoyant, and as the movement of the ship imparts a certain motion to the water, swimming is far better sport than in a land pool.

Brooklands on Deck?

The long and splendid expanse of covered promenade deck, partly occupied by rows of deck chairs furnished with figures in various stages of unconsciousness, reminded me of the Madeira Drive at Brighton when the R.A.C. Rally tests were held. And that thought led to another. Why not lay out a model miniature road down the promenade, fit it with roundabouts, halt and danger signs, pedestrian crossings, and so on, and then install a set of Atco Junior Safety-first Trainer motor-cars for the delectation of voyagers? We could have real live but diminutive motor-tests, calling for skill in reversing, stopping, starting and manoeuvring. And then as a final touch the "Mauretania" Grand Prix, five miles round and round the great ship. Maybe there are regulations which, on the score of fire risks, would prevent petrol being used on the cars, but similar rules apply to the stage where special non-flam fuels are used instead.



MR. JACK BARCLAY'S ROLLS-ROYCE "WRAITH"

This very fine car, photographed at Allerford Pack Horse Bridge, North Somerset, has one of the most luxurious bodies ever built for a car, made to the design of Mr. Jack Barclay himself by James Young. The equipment includes an electrically operated and Perspex glass sliding roof, no-draught ventilation, heater and radio set, special cabinets with backgammon board. The upholstery is pigskin, with walnut woodwork, and the outside has been cellulosed a dark pearl metallic

“... livelier acceleration and increased power is obtained when Ethyl is used”

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL



*“and you need livelier acceleration
for this job!”*

said the Sergeant

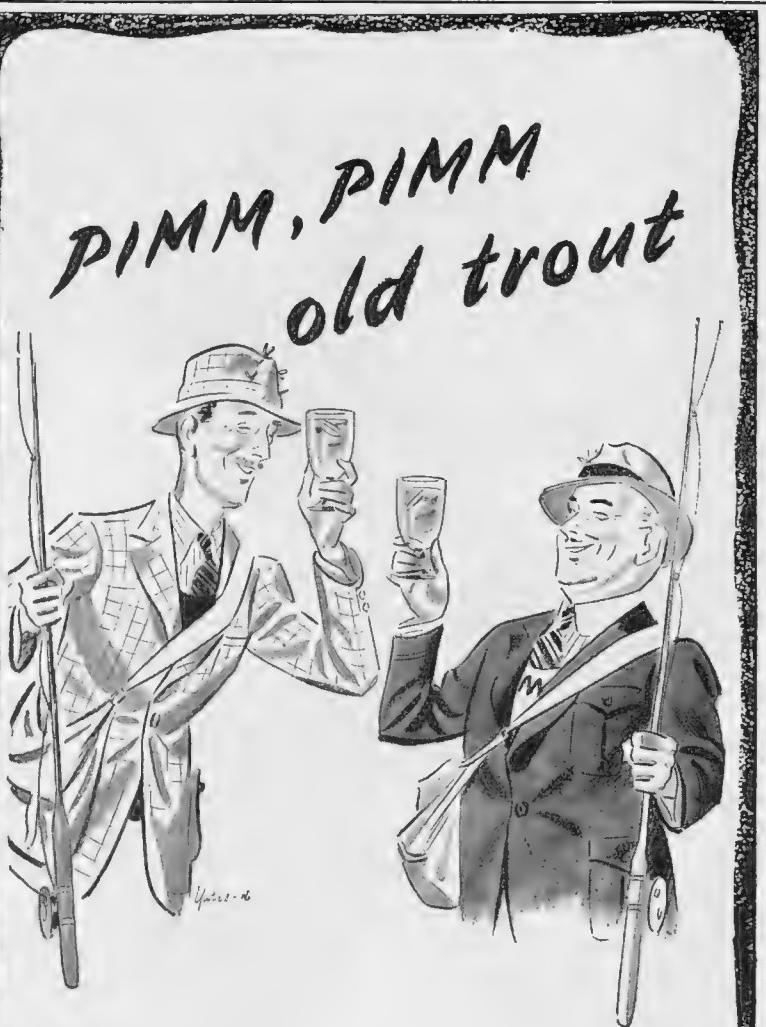
Livelier acceleration—plus higher power and mileage—can always be obtained when pinking, either audible or *muffled*, is stopped by Esso Ethyl. Modern high-compression motors take full advantage of high-compression petrol, and in return give you all the power and performance the manufacturer built into them. Fill your tank with Esso Ethyl and give your car a chance to show how good it is.

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LOOK FOR THE OVAL GLOBE
YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY





Lucky fellow! He's landed a Pimm.
A Pimm's No. 1. The Original Gin Sling.
The compleat nectar. The reel thing.
Pimm's gives a golden lining to life. It
cheer's you up. It drowns your bait noirs.

So shout for a Pimm at the bar—a manly mugful or a dainty nip. Or get a bottle at a wine shop and make 7 pints at home.
Cheerio, Pimm-Pimm!

PIMM'S N° 1



The long drink
with a click in it

Here's the bottle! 12/6—
and it makes 7 pints.

Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 82)

to detract from the admirable play of Miss Huntbach from Cheshire, who was also making her first appearance on the centre court and kept her head and her strokes in admirable co-ordinated control). But we were about to extend the hand of welcome to Mr. Asboth, of whom more will be heard, I have no doubt, at future Wimbledons, Hitler permitting . . . and also his partner Mr. Csikos, with the name like a sneeze, but the ruddy appearance of David, when he was guarding his father's flocks. Mr. Csikos, I notice, wears a gold chain round his throat with a tiny crucifix adorning it, but what I expected to see them both wearing were geraniums in their buttonholes, remembering my own visit to Budapest . . . and to the plain country beyond, with its Van Gogh sunflowers *en masse* and its Chirico white horses . . . and its Hans Andersen villages with their Sunday fairs in full cry . . . and the multi-coloured petticoats of the girls standing out stiffly in a frou-frou of unforgettable colour, as their beaux entreat the merry-go-round master to drive faster and faster . . . their beaux, dressed always in black, and all, in looks, the blood brothers of Asboth and Csikos . . . and sign of their youthful desires captured in the bunches of geraniums that might have been picked from the Wimbledon flower beds, tucked into the side of their huge sombrero hats.

Let us return again to the more sober recording of our Wimbledon impressions, and comment with regret upon the passing of Bunny Austin from the possible realm of champions. Did I not suggest upon this page some weeks ago that he had left his return from America too late for the proper tuning-up of his game? You cannot walk off an Atlantic boat one week, and expect to have your tennis legs in proper order a fortnight later upon the centre court. No other player in the world class, during the last decade, has depended so absolutely on delicacy of touch to bring him through against rivals, who, at first sight, had twice as belligerent a repertoire of strokes. His great strength was his ability to keep such an impeccable length on both wings that as the rally widened out, he would succeed in forcing a half-court return from his opponent on which to sail towards the net, there safely to stow away his volley time and again. But in his debacle with Cooke (I cannot call it a match), he failed to make the easiest of stop volleys when they were presented to him upon his racket, he was hitting his forehand literally yards out of court, he was foot-faulting again and again, and worst of all, apparently utterly indifferent to the way the match was going. You felt none of the nervous pressure that in the past would lift his game at a crisis to brave heights: you felt that his heart and his mind were elsewhere: you felt most of all what a pity it was, that he had not been content to rest on his magnificent past record, including his appearance in the final last year, and not tempt fortune a thirteenth time. But who are we to judge where his happiness lies? It is so easy to criticise, so difficult to perform. And for that reason, before I sign off for another week, I should just like to pay a tribute to Mrs. Little for her gallant attempt at a comeback. I can say quite honestly that on the second Monday at Wimbledon, out of a programme on the centre court that promised so much (Ghaus Mohammed, the first of his countrymen to reach the last eight, I believe, for fifteen years, was quite unable to make any impression on a tuned-up Riggs at last), Mrs. Little's match with Mrs. Fabyan provided the only real aesthetic excitement of the day. They were level at set-all, and the tennis was of a very high standard indeed. Then at three-two to the American in the final set, Mrs. Little twice lost the chance in a long deuce game of equalising the score, and one knew that the end was not far distant. Mrs. Fabyan still looks a child of seventeen with the stamina and mobility of a high-school girl; Mrs. Little looks like her elder sister, so much a more solid edition of her erstwhile Wimbledon self that it was all the more surprising to see her producing still the same exquisite drives on both wings, and serving many aces down the centre line. It was simply that she can no longer quite stay the course, and towards the end, when forced to reach for a wide ball, her heaviness was suddenly painfully apparent. All the same, let it be finally put on record that where stroke production is concerned she is the most flawless woman exponent our country has produced since the War, and it is very sad that a new generation of players, with the exception of Mary Hardwick, seems to be quite unable to emulate the perfection of her Sylphides-like style. Just take poor Margot Lumb, for instance, whose efforts at a backhand shot, in her match with Helen Jacobs, were quite painful to behold. It must have been very embarrassing for her to sense the embarrassment of the spectators as shot after shot, under pressure, was sliced into the net or out of court. It is the old, old story. You may succeed most happily in life by being a one-man girl, or a one-girl man, but on the tennis court, it is hopeless, if you really wish to reach the top, to be content with being a one-shot player. And that is all that Miss Lumb is, I am afraid, or ever will be now.

* * * * *

The new souvenir of this year's season of Russian Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, which has just been issued, contains some beautiful colour reproductions of the scenery for *Cimarronian*, *Scheherazade* and *Cendrillon*, as well as many very lovely photographs of members of the Ballet. The cover has been designed by Nathalie Gontcharova, the Russian scene designer who contributed lavish settings for *Cendrillon* last year.

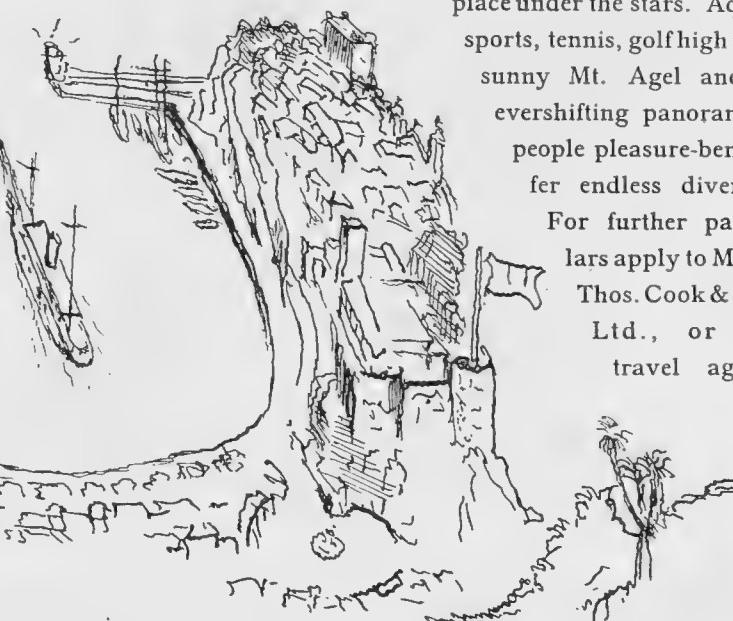
MONTE CARLO BEACH



World-famed, world-beloved, Monte Carlo Beach has kept its singular charm unspoiled. There are Hotels romantically perched above the sea, a Swimming Pool with an amusing luncheon restaurant at its very edge, a Summer Sporting Club where dinner, dancing, cabaret and gambling all take

place under the stars. Aquatic sports, tennis, golf high up on sunny Mt. Agel and the evershifting panorama of people pleasure-bent, offer endless diversion.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Thos. Cook & Sons, Ltd., or any travel agency.



Drawing by Sir Francis Ros

CONCERNING TWO KINDS OF HUNTING



AT THE BLANKNEY PUPPY SHOW LAST WEEK : A MIXED NAVAL AND R.A.F. GROUP

Howard Barrett



WALTER CLINKARD, K.H., "THE HOUSE" BEAGLES AND HIS CUPS

The Blankney group at their successful puppy show was like this: Mrs. Carrington Smith, Commander F. J. Alexander, the Master, Commander Connelly Abel Smith, R.N., Miss B. Carrington Smith, Air Vice-Marshal Baldwin, who plays a lot of polo, Mrs. Alexander, the M.F.H.'s wife, and Rear-Admiral R. K. Lambert. They are reported to have a very good young entry, and they had a pleasant party for the judging

The veteran kennel huntsman of the Christ Church Beagles, 25 years not out, scooped the pool at the Peterborough and Aldershot shows, when with 8 couples he won 3 championships, 2 reserves, 14 firsts and 6 seconds. 7 cups in all

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"SPECIAL RESERVE"
and
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Very Old Liqueur
for special occasions.

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Established 1860
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Scotch Whisky
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Crawford's
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When you've shaken
the dust of the courts
from your feet, or played the
last hole of the day, call
for CRAWFORD'S.... add slightly
more than your usual splash
of soda retire to some
quiet spot and slowly
sip it soon, with energy
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arise refreshed.

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One in— and Six to go



If you want a six cylinder car that will take seven people you want an Austin '18' Windsor Saloon. The Windsor not only takes seven adults; it takes them in comfort—the luxurious comfort that can only be achieved by good designing, deep upholstery, smooth springs, efficient shock absorbers and big low-pressure tyres. And

besides the comfort there are many other things that will interest you in the Austin '18'. You will like the smooth power and lively acceleration, the ease of control and good all round visibility. Your nearest Austin Dealer can let you have an Austin '18' for a trial run. Why not ring him now and arrange the time and place?

PRICES (<i>at works</i>)	
NORFOLK	
5-seater fixed-head Saloon . .	£350
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THE AUSTIN 'EIGHTEEN'

Note! Early delivery of all Austin '18' models is now possible!

See these models at Austin's London Showrooms, 479 Oxford Street, W.1

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by

M.E.Brooke



SPECIAL prices prevail at Bradley's, Chepstow Place, until September 2, and it is the advance guard of the autumn fashions which may be acquired at such pleasant prices. For instance, one of the new models may be copied for ten and a half guineas. It is carried out in two-tone check West of England Saxony suiting, and is man-tailored and reinforced with a velvet collar. The coat is lined with crêpe de Chine. This is of the classic character, but naturally there are many attractive variations on the theme

MADE to order at between-season prices are the suits on this page. The coat and skirt on the right is of West of England brown and beige check tweed. The coat is lined with crêpe de Chine and the skirt finished with a leather belt. The price, made to order (until September 2) is eleven guineas. A toll has been levied on two shades of fine violet tweed for the model on the left; it can be copied in the same materials for seventeen and a half guineas. Patterns of materials and illustrations of the designs would be sent on application

Pictures by Blake

LET'S BE PRACTICAL

Every intelligent woman knows how necessary it is to look her loveliest always. And there is no lack, nowadays of beauty-aids to help her towards this ideal. The problem is rather to select wisely from all those products which are available. There are so many treatments and products to choose from, that the number of bottles and jars a woman tends to both a burden to her dressing-table and a bewilderment (and cost!) to herself.

An interesting booklet entitled "The Yardley Way to Beauty" is issued by Yardley & Co. The Yardley experts contend that complacency in the cultivation of beauty is outdated and absolutely unnecessary. They claim that their Beauty Treatment, based on a scientific knowledge of the functions of the skin, fulfils every ideal condition: "the method is a simple one, the preparations are perfect in themselves, surprisingly few in number, inexpensive, and delightfully easy and attractive to use."

The treatment is based on these fundamentals: Cleansing, Toning, and Nourishing and six basic preparations were composed and selected after a period of experiment at the Yardley Street Beauty Salons. These preparations are of the absolute purity and scientific certitude one would expect from a house of their standing. Yardley have a vast treasury of experience in the service of beauty and a unique reputation for absolute integrity: and the well-known Yardley Beauty Expert



A copy of the booklet "The Yardley Way to Beauty" can be obtained post free on request from Yardley & Co., 33, Old Bond Street. (In writing please mention the "Tatler".)

Miss Mary Foster, is an authority on the simplest way to accomplish the most perfect results in the sphere of beauty.

The booklet itself is a most interesting production. It really does give you the fullest details of the Yardley Beauty Treatment, not only explaining with perfect clarity the exact contribution of each constituent to the treatment as a whole, but also detailing the function of each separate cream and lotion in a fascinatingly interesting manner, so that, after reading it, you really feel as if you had been initiated into the innermost secrets of a West End Beauty Salon and shown how to carry out a fully equipped Beauty Treatment in the comfort of your home and at a very small cost—which is, in fact, just what the Yardley people claim for their Home Beauty Treatment.

At the end of the booklet are inserted four coloured charts showing you exactly what massage movements are necessary—these assets should make you eager to benefit from the Way to Beauty.

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Yardley

The Truth about Beauty

YARDLEY
Complexion Milk (Skin Lotion)
33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

YARDLEY
Liquefying Cleansing Cream

The Yardley Way to Beauty is founded on these fundamental preparations—Liquefying Cleansing Cream, Complexion Milk, Skin Food, Toning Lotion [or Astringent Skin Tonic], Foundation Cream, English Complexion Powder. In Beauty Box complete, 1 gn., or separately, 3/6.

You cannot know how fresh and fair your complexion can be until you have completely removed the grime and waste matter that clog the pores of the skin. The Yardley Liquefying Cleansing Cream is the most efficient preparation ever devised for this purpose. If your skin is very dry, use Yardley Complexion Milk for your morning-dew face bath. Exquisitely refreshing, whitening and softening. Use it too, for your hands and arms—the perfect daytime cleanser.

Write for "The Yardley Way to Beauty." Post free on request

Yardley

BEAUTY TREATMENT SALONS 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON, W.1

Cool and Casual



ALTHOUGH a sale is in progress at Walpoles, New Bond Street, they are showing the newest of the new lingerie, wrappers and housecoats for the trousseau; these are naturally not being offered at sale prices. Who would not desire to see this lovely set of shell-pink chiffon strewn with azure spots. The nightdress has a dirndl waistline on "Lastex" yarn and costs 29s. 6d.; the negligé to harmonize is 49s. 6d. It has a slight train and is enriched with frills. The breakfast coatee costs 23s. 6d., and the complete set may be acquired for £5. The housecoat on the right is of fancy ottoman and costs 49s. 6d., and the artificial taffeta petticoat with it is 35s. 9d.

NOW regarding the sale (a catalogue will be sent on application); among the many attractions are cordstitched cotton sheets for 18s. 9d. a pair, and a few pairs of Irish hemstitched linen sheets for single beds for 20s. a pair. Irish linen face towels, usually 45s. 9d., 49s. 6d. and 52s. a dozen, are now 18s. 9d. for half a dozen. Furthermore, there is a reduction of forty per cent on Walpole's Lustral Damask. Down quilts and bedspreads have had their prices drastically reduced. Neither must it be overlooked that the bargains in handkerchiefs seem unending



Pictures by Blake

Once in your life . . . see the glory of India

THE FEAST OF DIVALI

*Like fireflies in the
night . . . lamps lit to
Lakshmi, Goddess of
Fortune, sail away
with the prayers of youth*



Long rows of flickering lamps jewel each village door and window . . . chains of gold in the warm Indian dusk. Only the afterglow now remains to lighten the deep velvet of the sky, as, all over India, girls and young women come silently to river and lake, their footsteps soft on the stone steps of the ghat. Each carries a small earthenware lamp, a messenger to send to Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune. One by one they set their lamps afloat and, watched with eager, anxious eyes by the bright sari'ed figures on the shore, the frail cockle-shell craft drift away on

the current, their flames rising and falling like fireflies as they dance in the soft wind. The dreams of youth are their cargoes; hope and silent prayer their guide, for Lakshmi sends good fortune and happiness to those whose lamps survive. Behind, in the village, fireworks and illuminations send sudden fire into the night, and the sound of rejoicing and merry-making echoes through the silent trees.

It is Divali, the feast of lamps, sacred to Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune, celebrated in India every year in the month of Karttika.



Come to India and see Divali for yourself. In India every step you take is on ground hallowed by fantastic history and tradition, every corner unfolds some new scene of incredible beauty. See Agra and the Taj Mahal, Delhi, Benares, Fatehpur Sikri: each is unforgettable. Once in your life you must visit India.

INDIA

INDIAN RAILWAYS BUREAU, 57, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1.
or any authorised tourist agency.

TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 1171

Keymer

"Already walks
TOMORROW"



FASHION has a pleasant way with her this summer; she declares that harmony must prevail among accessories, and although shoes must be smart they must be comfortable. The foot must slip easily into them, and the soles fit every arch and curve. Fanchon, 30 Old Bond Street, has achieved this in his footwear, in which the modes of tomorrow are mirrored. In these salons there is something different to be discovered. It is here that the accessories portrayed may be seen. In the distinctive group on the left, a bag, stocking and sandal are carried out in gold mesh and kid. White suède and white silk relieved with embroidery are present in the shoe and bag on the right above. A study in green and caramel leather are the bag and shoe on the left; the latter is very light in weight. Unrivalled in loveliness is the quartette on the right. There is the hand-painted bag and shoes to match

Pictures by Blake





SPELL PLEASURE EVERYWHERE

Yes, you always get pleasure out of Player's. With smokers by the million, the two words are synonymous, whether it is a MEDIUM or a MILD cigarette which is preferred.



ST. BERNARDS

Property of Mrs. Graydon Bradley

auspices. His great achievement was the putting of the Veterinary College on a sure footing and he will also be gratefully remembered by many obscure people for his kindness and help.

The St. Bernard is one of the most majestic of dogs. We have all been brought up on stories of St. Bernards. "Hector the Dog and Xmas Day" is one of the most poignant memories of my childhood! But though so splendid to look at he is not often seen about. Mrs. Graydon Bradley has a large kennel of St. Bernards and all her dogs are treated as valued friends and companions. A great deal of attention is paid to their fitness and sense of enjoyment, all take their turn in the house, play with a football and are taken swimming. So many St. Bernards are merely kept in yards with practically no exercise. Mrs. Graydon Bradley writes: "treated as pals and not left in kennels permanently there is practically no limit to the almost human instinct which comes out in this noble breed." Mrs. Graydon Bradley has done extremely well on the bench too. She is not out to win, though of course she likes to, but mainly to help the breed.

The Scottish Terrier is one of the foremost breeds of the day. It is a great art to show Scotties and not every one succeeds. In addition to being a show proposition he is much sought after as a companion, being a dog of great character. Mrs. Bradney owns one of the foremost kennels of the day. To further strengthen the kennel, in 1936

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The death of Sir Frederick Hobday is a great misfortune to the animal world. He was a man who really loved animals, and any one who read his delightful book can see what changes in their treatment took place under his

she bought the celebrated kennel belonging to Mr. Cowley. At present her kennel consists of about twenty really good bitches and half a dozen stud dogs, all well-known winners. She usually has a few really high-class



SCOTTISH TERRIERS

Property of Mrs. Bradney

puppies for sale at reasonable prices. She weeds her pups out young and only keeps very few out of the litters, and just takes a chance as to making mistakes! She does not believe in overcrowding, so there is always a chance of getting a really good one. One of the best is the home-bred youngster Assaye Agitator. He has done well, being never out of the first three. Mrs. Bradney is always pleased to show her kennels to visitors.

Another celebrated kennel of a breed of Terriers from Scotland, this time the universally known and popular Cairn. Miss Viccars has been connected with Cairns ever since they first appeared on the bench and has owned and bred many good ones. She sends a photograph of one of the latest, Sir Rogue of Mercia, out of Ch. Miss Rogue, daughter of Ch. Rogue, all home bred. He has already proved himself a worthy descendant, by winning one challenge certificate and being reserve twice before he was fourteen months old. There are at this moment several good ones for sale, as Miss Viccars is moving so wishes to reduce her numbers. She is going to live near Farnham; it is a lovely place for the dogs with plenty of room and the whole of Farnham Park for them to exercise in. It is a great pleasure to Miss Viccars, as for some time she has not been able to have her dogs with her. Any one applying for these dogs is sure of getting a well-bred, well-reared companion. They can be seen by appointment.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



CAIRN TERRIER

Property of Miss Viccars

*Of course I feel fit!
- I sleep on a
Vi-Spring OVERLAY Mattress*



The 'Vi-Spring' is the mattress specially designed to give you supreme comfort during your hours of sleep. On its soft, resilient surface you lie with muscles and limbs thoroughly relaxed enjoying luxurious rest the long night through. That is why a night's rest on a 'Vi-Spring' does you so much good and why you awake in the morning feeling and looking thoroughly rested and restored.

Note the prices of the two latest 'Vi-Spring' qualities.

MAGNA

3 ft. - - - £4 : 4 : 0	3 ft. - - - £5 : 2 : 6
4 ft. 6 in. - - £5 : 15 : 0	4 ft. 6 in. - - £7 : 5 : 0

Made in all sizes with 6-inch pre-built flexible border.

THE VITO MATTRESS

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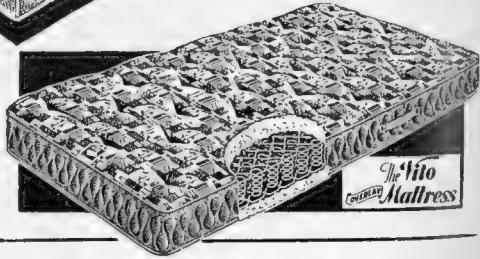
MONARCH

3 ft. - - £3 : 9 : 6	3 ft. - - £4 : 10 : 0
4 ft. 6 ins. £4 : 15 : 0	4 ft. 6 ins. £6 : 10 : 0

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Rumours to the effect that the Company

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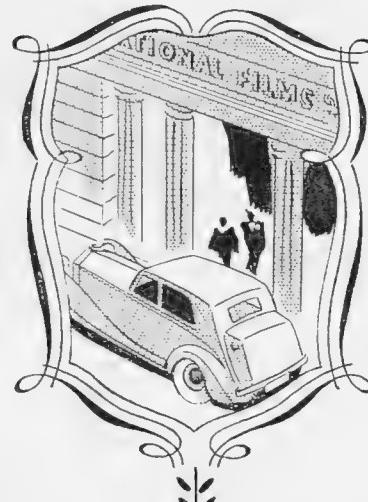
The Company is contributing in no small measure to the National requirements by intensifying the production of Rolls-Royce aero engines, but this is not being carried out in a manner detrimental to the motor car business.

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED

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MILLION

SOME years ago our chief designer went to see a film of that name. Now it happened that in that film a prime minister enjoyed the benefits of push-button control of his life. One button was marked "Throw Caller Out," another "Ham Sandwich with Mustard" and yet another "Ham Sandwich without Mustard." Recently and after much thought he applied the same principle to a Rolls-Royce with division. Obviously the choice of radio stations was controlled by buttons, but he went a step further, and installed push buttons to control the rear blind, sliding roof and



DOLLAR LEGS

interior divisions. Provided the right button is chosen, life is obviously made more simple.

Now while the simple life may make no personal appeal to you, we do feel that Jack Barclay have sufficient ideas on the arrangement of motor cars to make a visit to Hanover Square instructive. A Barclay design is essentially thoroughbred, attuned to the latest thoughts in modern design, yet adjusted to your particular travel requirements. The design is widely varied, as we believe an inspection of the largest selection of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars in the world should prove.

12-13, ST. GEORGE ST., HANOVER SQ.,
LONDON, W.1. And at 20 Conduit St., W.1



Telephone : MAYfair 7444 (20 Lines)

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

MRS. T. ASTLEY HERD *Lenare*

The former Princess Sonia de Katchaloff, who married Captain T. Astley Herd, late of the Cameronians, on June 29 last

P. Beresford, D.F.C., and Miss * * *

Recent Engagements.

Mr. W. B. Rogers, only son of Colonel W. H. Rogers, M.O.B.E., T.D., D.L., and Mrs. Rogers, of Millmead House, Bramley, and Alice Margaret, youngest daughter of Rear-Admiral H. H. Holland, C.B., The Warren, Bramley, Guildford; Captain M. A. Foster, Royal Artillery, second son of General Sir Richard and Lady Foster of Ladywell Speen, Newbury, and Sheila, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hanmer Atkinson, of Woodbank, Hanmer Springs, New Zealand; Mr. N. S. Gosling, third son of Major W. S. Gosling and Lady Victoria Gosling, of Hassobury, Bishop's Stortford, and Maude, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lloyd, of St. James, Cape-town; Mr. J. de M. Baynham, son of the late Sir Walter Baynham and of Lady Baynham, Coronel, Sidcup, and Maura Eveleen, youngest daughter of the

Some London Weddings This Month.
Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart and Miss Selina Gerth van Wijk are being married at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, on July 20, and on the same day at St. Margaret's, Westminster, is the wedding of Captain R. H. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe and Miss Malcolmson. On July 21, Mr. D. H. Cameron, yr., of Lochiel, and Miss Margaret Gathorne-Hardy are being married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and on the 31st of the month, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, is the wedding of Flight-Lieutenant T. B. de la Pamela Carter.

late Mr. Edward O'Driscoll and of Mrs. O'Driscoll, Greystones, Sidcup, Kent; The Hon. William Phillipps, youngest son of Lord and Lady Milford, and Lady Jean McDonnell, younger daughter of the late Earl of Antrim and Margaret, Countess of Antrim; Mr. C. J. Deedes,

The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, only son of General Sir Charles Deedes and Lady Deedes, The Old Rectory, Rendlesham, Suffolk, and Beatrice Elaine, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Murgatroyd, Brockfield Hall, York; Dr. R. D. Hearn, only son of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Cork, and Dr. Mary

Hearn of Cork, Ireland, and Peggy Heather, only daughter of Colonel H. Stott, I.M.S., of Bihar, India, and Ronder, Oxshott, Surrey; Mr. A. E. McDonald, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McDonald of Tatsfield, Surrey, and Jean, only daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, of St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park, London; Flying-Officer K. Burns, R.A.F., elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Burns, of Bathurst, New Brunswick, and Elizabeth Isabel, elder daughter of the late Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Monro, and stepdaughter of Mrs. Monro, Corsbie West, Newton Stewart; Mr. M. D. H. Wills, Coldstream Guards, elder son of the late Freerick Noel Hamilton Wills, and Mrs. Noel Hamilton Wills, Miserden Park, Stroud, and Mary, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Philip Nutford, Berryfield, Lentram, Inverness-shire.



MRS. G. B. CLEMONS

Who was formerly Miss Kathleen Iddon, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Iddon, of Town Bank, Ulverston, Lancs. Her marriage to Mr. G. B. Clemons, of Arncliffe, Dewsbury, Yorks., took place on the 7th of this month



MRS. R. H. SALMON

After her recent marriage at St. Andrew's Church, S.W.1. Mrs. Salmon was formerly Miss Camille Clarry, eldest daughter of Sir Reginald Clarry, M.P., and Lady Clarry. Her bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Salmon

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3 length stockings

A post card to Plaza Stockings, 10 Herford St., London, W.1, will bring you the name of your nearest retailer, and an interesting chart giving your ideal measurements for your weight and build. Sole distributors: Notts Hosiery Co., Ltd., E.C.2

Mrs Can't 'How I envy you your lovely skin!'



Mrs Can 'What you should envy is my morning Eno!'

Lines, wrinkles and poor complexion are not necessarily a sign that you are "getting on in years." They are more often the result of a sluggish, unhealthy bloodstream, brought about by constipation. Begin today to look younger and more attractive — take Eno's 'Fruit Salt.' Brighten your eyes, add a new lustre to your hair, bring back that smooth, clear skin of youth. Eno is very good for you. By freeing your system regularly from poisons and congestion it keeps you *looking* young and *feeling* young. Take Eno first thing every morning. No woman should neglect so simple and yet so important a rule of life.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

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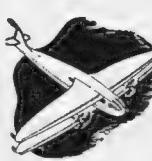
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By Boat from SOUTHAMPTON to LE HAVRE (Southern Railway).
Only 2 hours from Paris (St. Lazare) by direct trains.



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Both hotels have a magnificent view over the gardens and the sea.

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In the heart of the "New Golf Course," only 3 minutes from the Beach and the Casino. Room with bath from £1. Room with bath and full board inclusive from £1 12s.

LIVELY, SPORTING WEEK-ENDS ARE PROMISED FOR JULY

July 10-17: Great Golf Tournament Week for Amateurs and Professionals at the New Golf Course : 125,000 francs in prizes.

July to September : 35 days of Horse Races on 2 Courses : £50,000 in prizes.

July 22-23-24: AERIAL RALLY, Great Britain, Deauville, under the patronage of the Royal Aero Club. For information apply to Cdt. Harold Perrin, 199 Piccadilly.

Sunday, August 27 : GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE.

Sale of Yearlings ; Polo ; Horse Show ; International Regattas ; Tennis ; 2 Golf Links ; Children's Sports and activities ; 2 Physical Culture Clubs.

20 GALAS at the RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS.

CIRO'S—Management : ALBERT from Maxim's. TARDETS BAR—Management : Maurice d'ARHANPÉ. At the DEAUVILLE YACHT CLUB, Georges CARPENTIER will welcome you. CHEZ BRUMMEL : Deauville's elegant Night Club.

Fashion Shows and Open-Air Fêtes at the BAR DU SOLEIL.

Famous French Stars appear in the latest Paris plays at the Theatre.

Aug 13 : FRITZ KREISLER. Aug. 20 : VLADIMIR HOROWITZ.

ROULETTE and TRENTÉ ET QUARANTE with highest maximum stakes.
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DEAUVILLE

LA PLAGE FLEURIE
Same management as in Casino Municipal, Cannes, in Winter.

M. Andre: Managing Director.



FLYON'S FISHERMAN OWNER

Lord Milford (right), owner of this year's Gold Cup winner, and an eighteen-pound Wye salmon he killed on his stretch of this famous river at Llyswen, Breconshire. Lord Milford, formerly Sir Laurence Philipps, was made a Baron in the New Year's Honours List. Fishing runs racing very close in his sporting estimation.

Hood, Helen Crerar, Warden and West, Nor Kiddie, Teddy Haskell, and Reg O'List. There is a topical "tennis" ballet, with Lisa Brionda as principal

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

On Monday last the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company entered upon the last week of their seven weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. At the conclusion of the season the company will have their usual summer vacation, and on August 28, at Bournemouth, they will commence their extended provincial tour. The final performance next Saturday will be *The Mikado* (both matinée and evening).

Vivian Van Damm presented *Revueville 123* at the Windmill Theatre on Monday last. Edna Wood and Doris Barry are the soubrettes, and others in the cast are Eric Woodburn, Ivor Beddoes, Gene Anderton, Robin

dancer; a striking Hawaiian scene with Elsie Hunter and "Margaret" in a spectacular dance; and a seaside beauty competition.

The opening number "Nurses" has been written by Eddie Kelland.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week, Miss Luise Rainer is appearing in *Behold the Bride* with the entire cast and production direct from their West End season.

At the Richmond Theatre this week, a new play, *Captain Nicholas*, is being presented; this is an adaptation of Sir Hugh Walpole's novel by Leslie Burgess. There is a very strong cast, including Stephen Murray and Jean Cadell.

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1. write: to be destitute and out of work, through no fault of her own, is the depressing lot of a woman of fifty-eight. After years of work in her father's tailoring business, he died and she was left penniless as everything went to her stepmother. She has a brother, but he cannot support her. Please, send us gifts of money for this poor woman.



MAURICE AND CORDOBA

Herewith one of America's finest dance teams, loaned to England for the time being, and enjoying an outstanding success over here. Just now Maurice and Cordoba are appearing at cabaret time at the Savoy Hotel, and they will be stars there until the end of the month.

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For the Hands & Complexion

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For over a quarter of a century ESS VIOTTO has remained the traditional aid to skin beauty. A few drops applied regularly after washing will keep the hands and complexion beautifully smooth and white.

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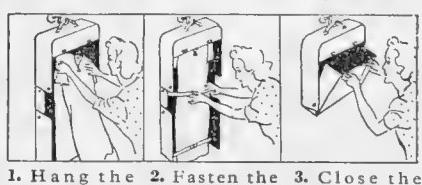
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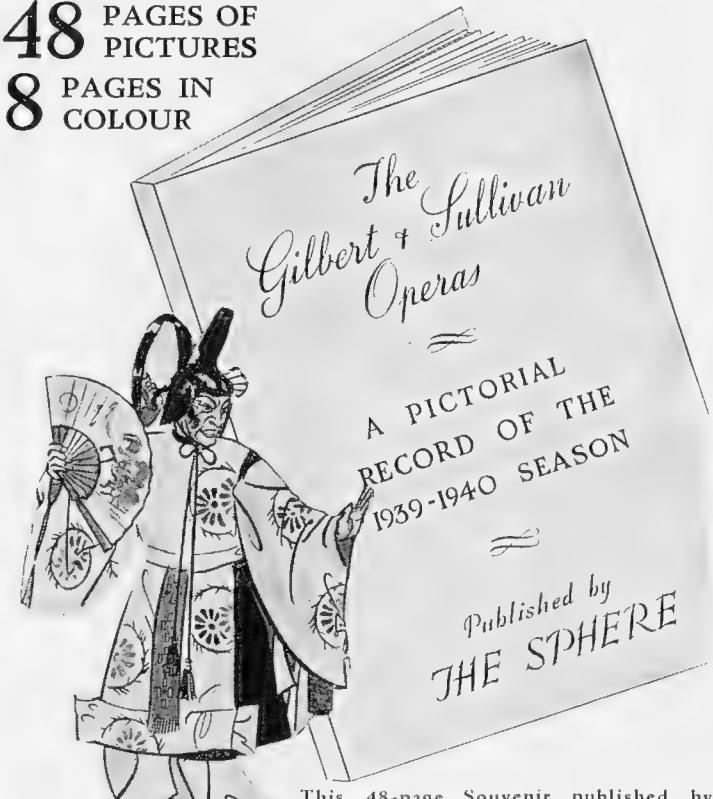
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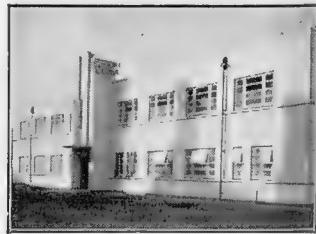
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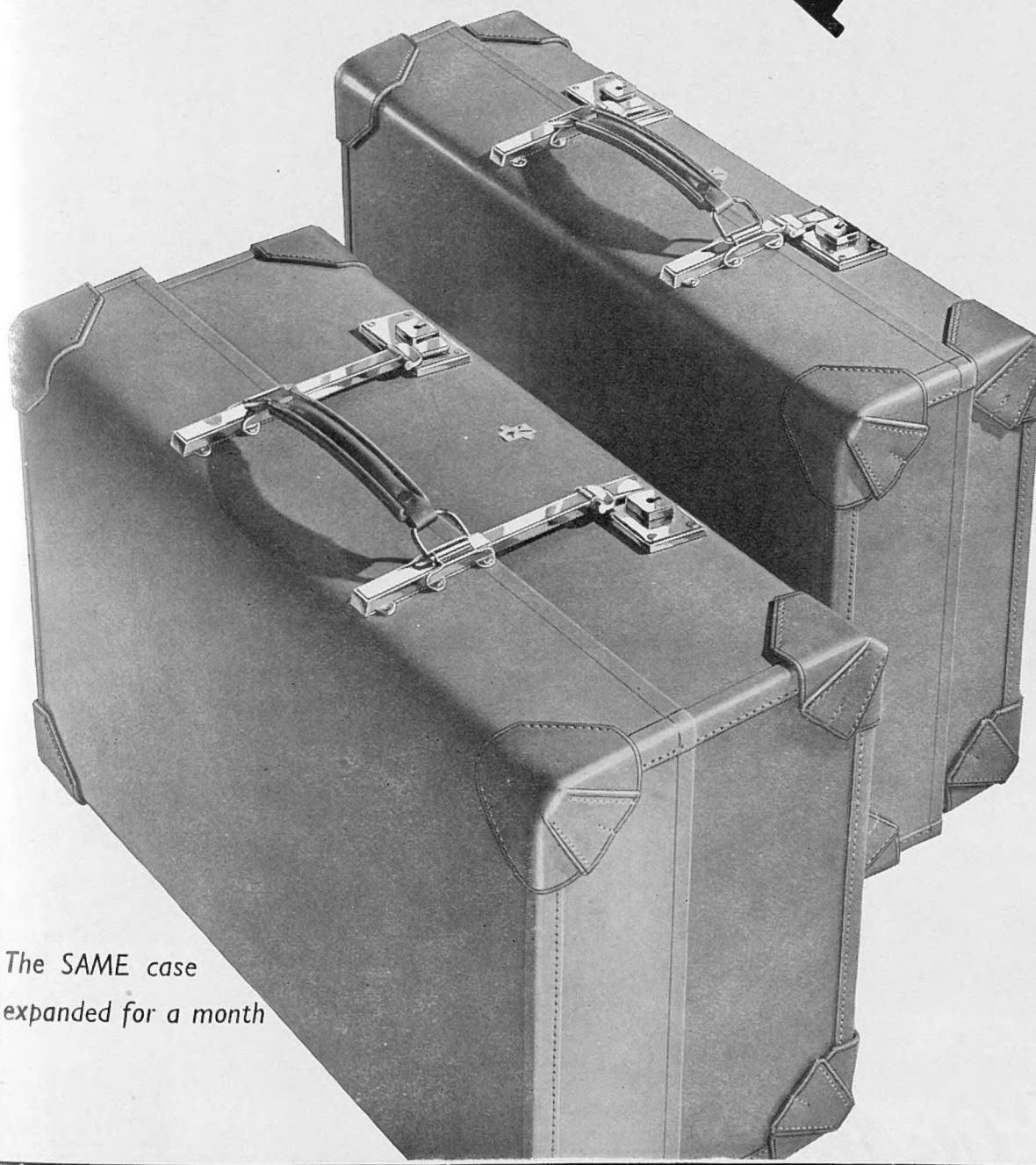
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A FEW terror-stricken shepherds had brought the news that a whole party of travellers on the way from Cerepa to Apnea had been slaughtered. It seemed that the party had been attacked by a superior number of mounted men who, after having accomplished their dread mission, turned back and disappeared in the direction of Heraclea or more likely in that of Susa.

Guided by the shepherds, a relief party was sent to investigate. After marching a few miles they sighted a number of vultures hovering in the sky and clearly indicating the spot where the massacre had taken place. On arrival there they were petrified with horror. The spectacle was all the more ghastly by reason of its striking contrast to the beauty of the peaceful surroundings. The bodies of men, women and animals were scattered everywhere on the road, behind bushes and amongst the prickly cacti. The ground showed unmistakable signs of the terrible struggle that had taken place. In the hope of finding some of the victims still alive a careful examination was made by the members of the investigating party, but with the exception of a few wounded horses and camels which still breathed, it was evident that a grim task had been carried out most thoroughly. No one had been left alive to tell a tale.

THE rich attire of some of the victims aroused considerable interest and speculation as to their identity, more especially as the royal crest was found on many articles of their belongings, which, strangely enough, together with many valuables still attached to the saddles, were still untouched. It was therefore obvious that robbery had not been the motive of this wholesale murder.

Without further investigation the victims were put across the horses and the mournful procession started on its way back, every one baffled by the mystery that enveloped the grim deed.

The vultures, still hoping for their prey, followed for a considerable distance, but towards the evening, their patience exhausted, they flew back in the direction of the fallen animals. . . . You'll want to read it all in the series

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